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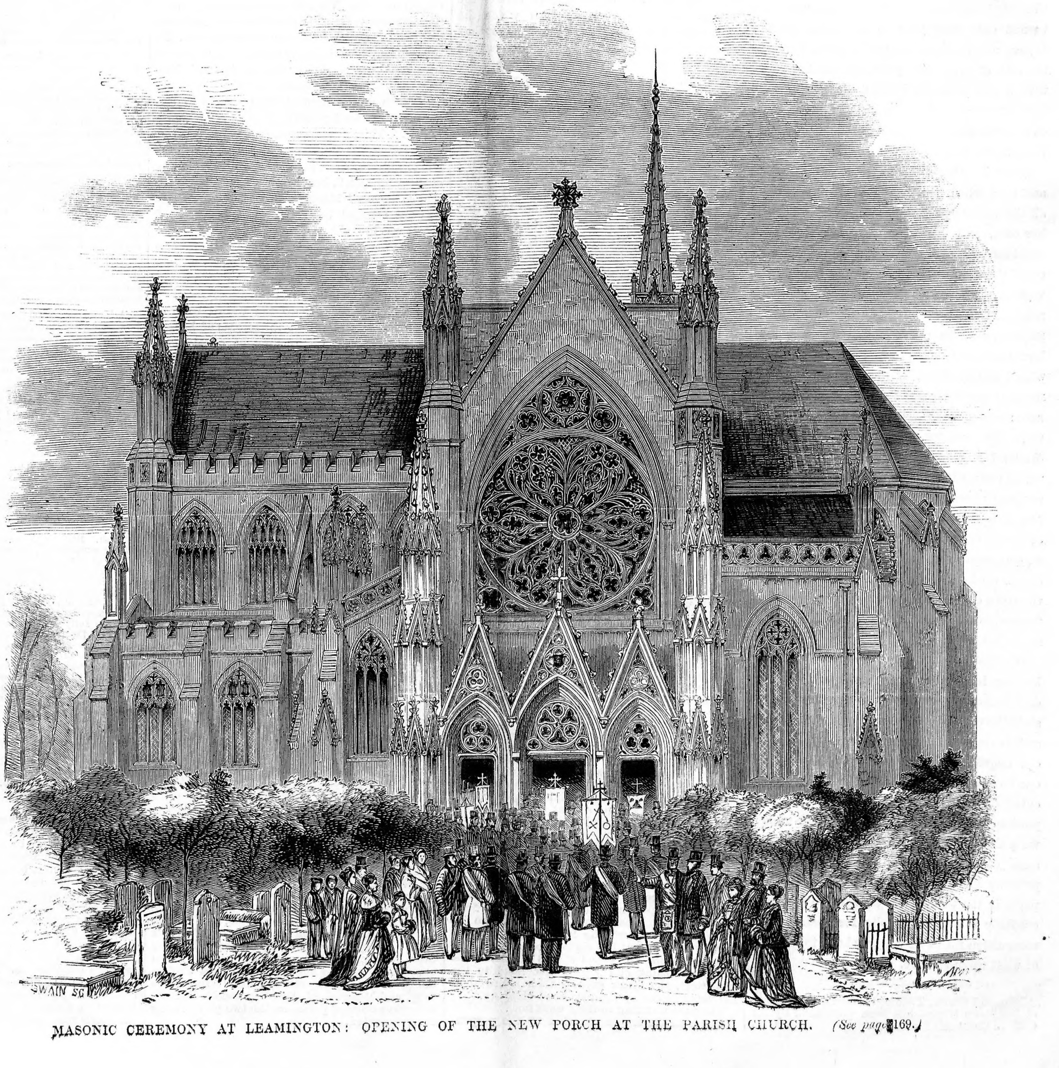
OUR HEAD-QUARTERS.

They are in the centre of the Midland Metropolis, which is the heart of the great manufacturing counties of Mid-England. Our ambition is to grow up into the pictorial and art representative of the great Hardware District, and the famous surrounding towns and cities. We are in our infancy—these are our creeping days; we are content to move onwards at the natural pace of juvenility. It would be strange, however, if we could not report favourably of our progress. The support we have received is more than we have deserved; but the public has given us practical proof of its faith in us, and the public shall not be disappointed. We will do full justice to our own ambition and to their hopes. Our head-quarters shall not be disgraced in us. We are learning the lessons of the place, lessons which are taught in every street, and at every corner of our head-quarters.

In 1801 the population of Birmingham was about 74,000: it is now bordering on half a million. There is a wonderful story of enterprise in this development. Let us take a few examples of individual courage. Matthew Boulton spent on the Steam Engine £53,000 before any return was realised. That was at a time when capital was not so plentiful as now. In our own immediate time we have Messrs. Chance bravely working to establish an English Lighthouse Manufactory. In this they have succeeded, in spite of tremendous obstacles, and they have erected the finest dioptric and other lights in existence. In 1866 it was stated that their outlay had amounted to a loss of £20,000. Doubtless, having already beaten all competitors in the excellence of their productions,



MASONIC CEREMONY AT LEAMINGTON: OPENING OF THE NEW PORCH AT THE PARISH CHURCH. *(See page 169.)*

and the successful application of the highest scientific principles to an art of such beauty and importance, they will ere long reap a commercial reward commensurate with the fame they have so fairly won.

How many people are ignorant of the fact that one of the greatest inventions of modern times, an invention which has added many thousands of millions to the wealth of Lancashire, namely, spinning by rollers, was made by a Birmingham man! Yet such is the fact, for John Wyatt spun thread in this manner here in 1700, and for some years the process was carried on in the Priory.

May not Birmingham well be proud of her great glass trade? In three glassworks no less a sum than £120,000 per annum is paid in wages; while 2,500 workmen use 165,000 tons of coal, 10,000 tons of sand, alkali to the tune of 4,500 tons, of limestone 3,500 tons, producing 17,000 tons of glass. Of the 15,000,000 pins used every day in this country and amongst our customers, Birmingham supplies a goodly share: in fact one house here uses no less a quantity of wire for this one trade than 336,000 pounds per annum. Is not Birmingham famous everywhere for her splendid medal work and die-sinking?

Take as an instance of manufacturing industry the production by the Mint at Messrs, J. Watt and Co.'s of no less than 606,379,848 copper and bronze coins in five and a half years; 3317¼ tons of money! Or contemplate Messrs. Webster and Horsfall's wonderful production of 30,000 miles of steel telegraph wire in eleven months; with the vast lengths of hemp and jute cable made at the Universe Works. How many people would suppose that 500 tons, about 100,000 miles, of wire are turned out every year to tie corks down? Where are the iron bedsteads, made here at the rate of 6,000 per week, all sent to? Or take a glance at the brass trade, consuming between two and three million pounds' worth of material every year, and employing no less than 10,000 people.

Let us look back to the time between 1804 and 1815 when France, having command of all the workshops of Italy and Belgium beside her own, and straining every nerve in the great struggle of that eventful time, could not equal this one town in turning out guns; for while here above 5,000,000 stand of arms were made, France was left about 600,000 behind in the race. In small matters we may ask how many nuts are cracked with the 18,000 plated nut-crackers, by making which thirty families pay their way? Who can conceive how many miles of writing are done each year with the 900,000,000 pens made in the Midland Metropolis? Turning from things which are made in such vast quantities as to produce upon the mind simply a feeling of bewildered astonishment at the hopelessness of justly realising the marvellous totals, can we find words to pourtray the beauties of the chaste works in silver of our Elkingtons, or the stern classic excellencies of the iron that twines itself to artistic shapes beneath Hardman's hammer?

We have simply glanced at a few of the leading features of our head-quarters. In due course we hope fully to investigate the statistics of local life, travelling further afield, and taking the surrounding counties into our enquiries. We are not going to set up our own establishment as an example of the enterprise of the Midlands; but we shall be pardoned, we are sure, if in a future Number we point out to our friends and supporters some of the difficulties and peculiarities of printing and publishing an Illustrated Newspaper in the provinces. Meanwhile we most cordially thank the public for their hearty recognition rather of what we hope to do than of what we have done.

Tide-end House, Teddington, the late residence of Benjamin Higgs, has been purchased by Sir Clifford Constable for £6,500.

GYMNASTS' PERILS.

Birmingham is tolerably fortunate (if the word may be appropriately used in this connection) in the occasional possession of "sensations." The Midland capital is the resort of "exhibitions" of every description. There is a law of demand in this sort of thing as well as in commerce and trade; and the supply, it may be safely said, is called into being by that demand. Birmingham stands by no means alone in this respect: the same remark might be applied with more or less of truth to all our large towns, especially Liverpool, Leeds, and Manchester. In this present article, however, we wish to call attention to a sensational performance that has been provided for Birmingham sightseers this week at what we suppose we may properly term a popular place of resort—"popularity," as used here, meaning "paying" in the widest sense of the word.

Let us pass over the dreary "comic" singer, and the by no means bad ballet, with its pretty scenery, and grotesque tricks, and come at once to the performance of the evening.

* * *

It must be done to music, by all means. Euterpe had a place even amongst the Bacchanals; and she shall not be shut out in the cold while these girl-gymnasts are imperilling their lives for so much each per night. No; let the band strike up—no matter what, but play they must and shall. The performance would else lose one half its interest.

Whilst the attendants are preparing the stage for the performance we have time to glance round the Hall. A fine apartment, with galleries running round it, capable of holding ever so many hundred people. The audience is so mixed that we will not attempt to classify its component parts. From the roof depend eight, ten, a dozen ropes; at the entrance end of the room, high up, is a small stage upon which the performer rests, and from which he or she takes the leaps through the air. If you saw Leotard at the Alhambra you will know how the trapéze apparatus is arranged. If not, you have only to imagine several ropes (some with handles, one with a long horizontal bar) dangling from the ceiling to realise the "fit-up." One set of ropes, from which the most perilous leaps are taken, are so thin that they appear little larger than the string that is used by farmers and millers for tying up corn and flour-sacks. Pray Heaven these same ropes have been well tested—that there is not a loose or broken strand in one—that there are no frayings in any part; for the snapping of one of these cords would cause the loss of a life. Or again; do you remember how Signor Jupe—Sissy's father, you know, that you have read about in "Hard Times," that most wonderful of Charles Dickens's wonderful stories—do you remember how that latterly, according to Mr. Sleary, the Signor was for ever "missing his tip," as it is called? If one of these girls that we shall presently see came to miss *her* tip, what then? But they are so well practised, say you, there is no fear of accident. They are trained to it. So was the Female Blondin, who fell from the rope in Birmingham; so was the unfortunate man whom the writer saw fall at the Alhambra one night—saw him come crushing down amongst the glasses and cigars and people—saw him taken off to the Charing Cross Hospital close by. He missed *his* tip. And a few days afterwards (this happened some six years ago) we read his death in the same newspapers that had reported his wonderful feats!

* * *

They have such an extraordinary resemblance to each other, these girls, that they may be sisters, for all we know to the contrary; though that they are so related is not stated in the programme. Looking at them from the far end of the Hall, they appear to be about five feet in height, well made, and decidedly stout. (Presently we shall have a better view of them, for we are sitting close beneath the elevation to which two of the girls will ascend.) To go up a rope suspended over the stage "hand over hand" is to these trained gymnasts no more trouble than walking up and down stairs; one ascends the high rope calmly and methodically, while another girl passes along the floor of the Hall, reaches a platform by a ladder, takes a thin rope in each hand, and swings over the heads of the audience below, who cannot gaze sufficiently at the performer and the performance. She swings half way across the Hall, and returns safely to the staging from whence she took her leap. Now she takes her second vault—a woman in the side-gallery gives a faint shriek at seeing her girl turn a somersault in the air—a somersault? two, three, four!—ere she returns to her starting-point. This woman, who cannot conceal her dread lest the trapézeist should fall, is evidently not educated up to these perilous performances, for from the other people in the house not a cry of fear is heard. They are as stoical as well-bred persons at the Opera. Only for a time, though. When this intrepid girl, who has been turning somersaults in mid-air until we have grown dizzy at the sight, recovers herself—"picks herself up"—and stands on that little platform bowing and kissing her hand to the spectators, the latter express their approval of the performance by vigorous hand-clapping.

They are warming to their work now.

One is on the trapéze, another up the perpendicular rope, and the third coming towards us, on a rope fixed at a considerable angle, which she ascends with the aid of her hands only—her body being almost rigid. She climbs to the top of the hall, where there is placed a small stage, from which she hangs first with both hands, then with only one hand. By most dexterous balancing, she reclines on this narrow platform with her body half on and half off it; and after some other dangerous exercises returns to the stage as she ascended it—hand over hand down the rope. The applause they meet with at the conclusion of their performance is almost sufficiently enthusiastic to warrant the management in announcing by advertisement that these wonderful artistes receive "an ovation" nightly.

What strikes the observer more than anything else, after the first feeling of surprise, is the cool, resolute way these girl-gymnasts go through their performance; and herein we see the result of hard training. Every movement is predetermined, every flight through the air preconceived, and if you were to ask either of these young bread-winners they would probably tell you they have no sense of danger. Despite this, however, the spectator cannot divest his mind of the ever-present belief that every night these girls ascend the rope, and take their flying leaps over the heads of the audience, and over tables, chairs, and glasses, to fall on which were instant death, they are exposed to the same peril that menaced Blondin on the high rope, Ethardo on the spiral globe, the acrobat who crosed Niagara Falls the other day on a velocipede, and the "lion tamers" who enter the dens of the wild beast at the Menagerie. The children run all these risks, and therefore if only for the sake of the public taste, we hope the time is at hand when such exhibitions will not be tolerated. He must be but a slave to the worst passions who, with music, scenery, and dancing set before him in abundance, cannot smoke his cigar and drink his beer or grog or wine unless some man, woman, or child is facing Death in its most abhorrent form.

SCHLOSS TYROL.

To those who have visited the Tyrol, the celebrated castellated stronghold of which we give an Engraving on page 181 will be familiar. Situated in the lovely valley of Meran, it gives its name to the country, and was the earliest residence of the native princes down to 1363, when Tyrol was united to Austria. It is partly in ruins, but many of the larger apartments have been restored, notably the Chapel—now painted and decorated in very questionable taste. The portals of the Chapel and the Vorhall are ornamented with singular sculptures of the twelfth century, animals and monsters, with foliage and other designs. In the tympanum of the inner porch are a "Descent from the Cross" and the "Fall of Adam." The "Descent" is traditionally a miracle-picture. The death of the Lord of the Castle is said to have always been foretold by pieces of the picture falling. This, it is asserted, happened regularly until before the decease of Weinhard III., the last of his race, when not only the largest portion of the painting fell, but the wound in the Saviour's side commenced bleeding, and the hæmorrhage was not arrested before the body of the dead prince was brought near the picture.

The scenery in the neighbourhood of the Schloss Tyrol is beautiful beyond description, interesting to the antiquarian and lover of the picturesque alike. From the bridge over the Passeyrbach—a river which has destroyed the walled town of Meran seven times within the records of history—twenty different castles may be counted, all historically celebrated, although none so much so as the Schloss Tyrol.

MIDLAND MAYORS.

The following is a list of the Mayors of most of the Midland towns for 1869-70:—

Birmingham.—Mr. T. Prime.
Bridgnorth.—Mr. C. Edkins.
Coventry.—Mr. T. Berry.
Derby.—Mr. T. W. Evans.
Droitwich.—Mr. W. Nutt.
Dudley.—Alderman Hingley.
Evesham.—Mr. W. T. Allard (fourth time).
Gloucester.—Mr. J. Reynolds.
Hanley.—Mr. J. Stephenson.
Kidderminster.—Mr. W. Cowen.
Lichfield.—Mr. Hinckley.
Liverpool.—Alderman Hubback.
Longton.—Mr. Goddard.
Manchester.—Alderman Grave (re-elected).
Newcastle-under-Lyme.—Mr. S. Edwards (re-elected).
Norwich.—Mr. Bolingbroke.
Nottingham.—Alderman Oldknow.
Salford.—Mr. T. Davies (re-elected).
Sheffield.—Mr. T. Moore (re-elected).
Shrewsbury.—Mr. H. Fenton.
Stafford.—Mr. E. Austin.
Stratford-on-Avon.—Mr. R. M. Bird.
Tamworth.—Mr. I. Bradbury.
Walsall.—Mr. W. H. Duignan (re-elected.)
Warwick.—Mr. G. H. Nelson (re-elected).
Wolverhampton.—Alderman Bantock.
Worcester.—Mr. R. E. Barnett.

The Birmingham Protestant Association celebrated the Gunpowder Plot on Friday by "a social tea meeting." In the course of the proceedings the Chairman said that it was customary for the Birmingham Protestant Association to celebrate the "Fifth of November." They met to express thankfulness for the deliverance of the nation from the Popish plot of 1605, and for the arrival of King William at Torbay in the year 1688. He dwelt upon the importance of keeping these anniversaries in mind, and in conclusion urged his hearers to hold fast Scriptural Protestantism. During the evening several hymns were sung, and Messrs J. M. Brindley and H. E. Scrivens gave original poems on the two great events commemorated.

THE GOSSIP.

Herr Wagner's "Walküre" is in preparation at Munich.

Herr Wachtel has been engaged to sing with Madame Patti in America.

To tell Tales of Hindu Devilry is the task taken up by Captain Burton. They will be appropriately illustrated by Griset.

Mr. Charles Dickens is engaged on a new story. The work will come out in the old serial form—the first part to appear in March.

Messrs. Harper and Brothers, who first published George Eliot's novels in America, gave for the early sheets from time to time five thousand dollars in gold.

The death is announced of Antony Deschamps, who some thirty-six years ago was one of the lights of the romantic school founded by Victor Hugo and the elder Dumas.

A French paper states that the title of M. Offenbach's next novelty at the Variétés is to be "Aspasie," text by M. M. Meilhac and Halvéy. *Se non è vero è trovato.*

The pantomime for the Crystal Palace will bear the title of "Little Dick Whittington." The author is Mr. Harry Lemon. The Christmas novelty at Astley's comes from the same pen.

Mr. J. Tom Burgess, editor of the *Leamington Courier*, has a very interesting volume in the press—"The Flora of Shakespeare." Those who know the author's "Old English Wild Flowers" will heartily welcome his new volume.

Hans Christian Andersen received the compliment of a banquet from his admirers in Copenhagen recently. Fifty years ago, on the 6th of September, 1819, Andersen entered Copenhagen, a boy of 14 years old, from his home in Odense.

Messrs. Putnam and Son have just published, in their list of choice foreign novels, "On the Edge of the Storm," a story of French life, by the author of "Mademoiselle Morè." A very good English story, "Christopher Kenrick," from the pen of Joseph Hatton, is published by the same house.—*New York Home Journal.*

While American journalistic literature in the South has its newspapers edited by negroes, for negroes, no less a person than the Emperor of China supervises the *Pekin Gazette*,—of which copies appear, modified as to spirit and contents, according to the class of readers among whom it circulates. Even then, it is little less than an official record.

At Doncaster Church there is a regulation, sanctioned by the Archbishop of York, which might be well applied elsewhere, we think:—"Every sitting in this church (whether appropriated or not), if unoccupied at the moment of the commencement of divine service, is free for that service, and the vergers are directed to fill it accordingly.—*Musical Standard.*

The Man in the Iron Mask continues to occupy literary searchers into mysteries. M. Marius Topin has come to the conclusion that De Lauzun was that Man. He had asked Madame de Montespan to obtain some favour for him from the King; but he overheard her counsel the King not to grant it. On her assuring De Lauzun that she had warmly supported him, he called her a liar, and was suddenly cast into the dungeon at Pignerol, and kept there till his death. This theory, the *Athenæum* thinks, has been maintained before.

It ought to be known, says the *Guardian*, that Sir Walter Scott's Edinburgh home, "dear 39, North Castle Street"—as he used to call it—the house in which "Waverley" was written, where he resided for twenty-five years, and with which he parted with such deep sorrow, is now in part an attorney's office, and in part a lodging-house. The authorities of Edinburgh have surely forgotten the existence of Scott's home, and need only to be reminded that it is still remaining much as he left it, although degraded in use, in order to rescue it from further profanation.

Mr. Kuhe's annual concert at Brighton was announced for the 12th instant (last night); and for that evening the services were secured of Mdlle. Tietjens, with the aid of Mdlles. Ilma de Murska and Sinico, Signor Mongini, Mr. Santley, and others. Despite the very large amount paid by Mr. Kuhe to Mdlle. Nilsson for the two concerts—not less than £1,000, independently of the sum paid for the Royal Italian Opera troupe who assist on the 12th—there is every prospect of his being well recouped for his spirited enterprise, inasmuch as the first of the concerts which we have mentioned alone realised between eight and nine hundred pounds.

A letter, a translation of which we append, has been published from Victor Hugo, *ápropos* of "L'Homme qui Rit," the wonderful story now appearing in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and for which the publishers of that serial paid an enormous sum. The letter is as follows: [Translation.]—"Hauteville House. I hasten, Sir, to reply to your letter. You are pleased to attach to the publication of 'L'Homme qui Rit' an importance which makes you desire a few lines from me, intended especially for England. I have little to add to the preface of 'L'Homme qui Rit.' It is not an English book; it is a human book. It is English nevertheless in this respect, that a certain side, almost unknown, of the history of England is laid bare in it, and brought fully to light—a fact which to England will appear startling, but which is certainly instructive. The remains of Spanish and Papist manners, personified in the Duchess Josiane, will certainly shock English modesty at the present day, but it is to Stuartism and to Catholicism that the blame must be imputed. I am, for my part, but an historian and philosopher. I do not know English. Relying, however, on the judgment unanimously pronounced, I desire that the published translation of my book 'William Shakespeare,' which is excellent, and not like the tranlation of the 'Misérables' which is detestable, and needs to be done over again. 'L'Homme qui Rit,' I repeat, is above all a human book. The old English aristocracy is depicted there with impartiality, and the historian of 'L'Homme qui Rit' has fully recognised the true grandeur that was found in the often patriotic rule of the Lords. The Romance as I understand it, as I try to make it, is on the one hand Drama, and on the other History. What England will see in this book, 'L'Homme qui Rit,' is my profound sympathy for her progress and her liberty. The old jealousies between races do not exist for me; I am of all races. Being a man, I have the world for my city, and I am at home in England, just as an Englishman is at home in France. Let us expunge the word Hospitality, charming as it is, and substitute for it the word Right, 'severe bnt just.' I love England, and my book will prove it to her. You wish that I should tell her so; it is done. Publish my letter if you think proper. Receive, Sir, the renewed assurance of my cordiality.—Victor Hugo."

M. Rochefort was arrested on Saturday morning on the Belgian frontier, when entering French territory in order to appear unexpectedly at a meeting held at Belleville. The Minister of the Interior, however, being apprised by telegraph of the arrest, and having ascertained the pleasure of the Emperor, ordered a safe-conduct to be made out for M. Rochefort, to be valid during the whole period of the elections. The *Gaulois* says the Emperor, on hearing of the arrest of M. Rochefort, expressed himself as follows:—"M. Rochefort is to be allowed full freedom to urge his candidature. Although an irreconcileable candidate, opposed to myself, I wish that he should enjoy the immunity of a representative." Rochefort attended a meeting on Saturday, and the police were compelled to interfere.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

King Victor Emmanuel, who has been seriously ill, is out of danger.

There have been heavy snowstorms in Italy, and especially at Bologna.

Small-pox is raging among the Indians of Montano and Idaho. Five hundred deaths have occurred.

John Callaghan, a coalheaver, was shot dead at Cork on Sunday, at midnight, for, it is supposed, a breach of the Fenian code.

A memorial window, subscribed for by the tenants and servants of the late Lord Derby, is to be placed in Knowsley Church.

On Saturday afternoon a man committed suicide in Hyde Park by shooting himself with a pistol. He has not been identified.

A hostile meeting has been averted between The O'Donoghue and Mr. G. H. Moore, whose recent speech at Navan had caused the former gentleman annoyance.

Mr. R. T. Smith, secretary of several Liverpool building societies, is missing, and an examination of his accounts has disclosed defalcations amounting to about £1,400.

The farewell banquet announced to be given to Dr. Temple by the friendly societies of Rugby, is fixed for Wednesday, Dec. 1, when the Rev. Canon Moultrie, the rector, will take the chair.

The annual distribution of prizes to the Second Wolverhampton (23rd Staffordshire) Volunteers took place at the Agricultural Hall, Wolverhampton, on Thursday. Several ladies distributed the prizes.

A four-oared race for the championship of the world and £400, between picked representative crews of London and Newcastle, was rowed on the Thames on Friday. The Tyne men won by three lengths.

There were several casualties amongst the members of the Badsworth Hunt on Saturday. One gentleman's spine was dislocated, another's collar-bone was broken—other gentlemen were more or less injured.

After a funeral at Habergham Eaves, on Friday, one of the mourners, a woman, got tipsy, and fell into the Leeds and Liverpool canal, dragging in a child with her. The child was drowned, but the woman escaped.

The city of Kieff, in Russia, has been visited by a severe outbreak of cholera, and by the last accounts the number of victims was daily increasing. Out of sixty-two persons attacked by the disease, forty-one have died, and in some cases death ensued in three hours.

The Irish bishops held a meeting in Dublin on Friday, and came to an important resolution in reference to the future synod. They determined that the bishops shall form a separate order, with a separate vote, but with full power of conference, when desired by themselves or by either the clergy or laity.

The other evening a young man on a velocipede was manœuvring on Southampton Quay, and going too near the edge both fell over into the water. The rider was got out by some men who were near, but not before he had received a good ducking; the "horse" was left behind and recovered afterwards.

At the Bankruptcy Court, on Monday, Mr. George Vining, of Upper Montague-street, late lessee of the Princess's Theatre, presented his own petition for adjudication of bankruptcy. The adjudication was made; Mr. Vining surrendered, and received protection. The liabilities are said to be about £5,000.

At Alnwick Castle, on Sunday morning, the Countess Percy was safely delivered of twin daughters. The mother and children are both doing well. The day, by a singular coincidence, was also the anniversary of the birthday of the Countess Percy, her ladyship having on that day completed her twentieth year.

The British Medical Journal states that at the request of several medical and other gentlemen in Wales, it has been arranged to send three trustworthy nurses from Guy's Hospital, to watch the Welsh "fasting girl," and thus once and for all "expose the imposition in which she has been so long encouraged."

The Workmen's International Exhibition is likely to be a great success. The King of Wurtemburg has become a guarantor for £100. The President of the Republic of Peru has decreed that all the expenses of transit of articles to the Exhibition, together with those of the Central Committee at Lima, shall be paid by the State.

A shocking case of suicide, after an attempt at wife murder, occurred at Morden, Surrey, on Thursday morning. A grocer, named Boaler, had an altercation with his wife, which ended in his making a determined attempt to take her life. The woman, however, escaped, and Boaler then cut his own throat, and died almost immediately.

The inquest on the two persons who were killed at Welwyn Junction, on the 24th ult., ended on Monday by the jury returning a verdict to the effect that the accident resulted from the accidental shifting of the points by the pointsman while the train was going over. They added a recommendation that an independent line should be made from Hatfield to Hertford.

A singular railway accident occurred on the Bala and Dolgelly Railway on Friday night. The recent rains had washed a quantity of rubbish and stone across the line, not far from Dolgelly, and a train running into it was thrown off the way. The top of one carriage was knocked off; but, though some of the passengers sustained fractures and the majority were bruised, there was no loss of life.

St. Petersburgh is excited by an extraordinary trial now proceeding in that city. A person is accused of forging a will which disposes of not less than one and a half million roubles. About two hundred witnesses have been called in the course of the trial. One gentleman, a senator, who was summoned to appear as a witness, fell back upon some rights of his class, and refused to obey the summons. Therefore, the Court of Justice, with all its attendants, guards, &c., marched through the streets of St. Petersburg in solemn state to the house of the senator, and took that unamiable gentleman's evidence on his own terms.

We regret to announce the death of Mr. George Peabody, who died late on Thursday night at his residence, Eaton-square, London. A portrait and memoir of the great philanthropist appeared in our last Number. Mr. Peabody is to be buried at Danvers, his native town.

The following statistics of the Roman Catholic hierarchy summoned to attend the Œcumenical Council at Rome are given in the *Correspondence de Rome*:—Patriarchs, archbishops, and bishops resident in their respective sees, 766; the same "*in partibus infidelium*," 228—total 994. Of these, 12 are patriarchs, 75 resident archbishops of the Latin rite, 25 resident archbishops of other rites, and 35 archbishops *in partibus*; 605 are resident Latin bishops, 45 are resident bishops of other rites, and 193 are bishops *in partibus*. Three of the right reverend prelates are 95 years of age—viz., Mgr. Bombini, of Cassano, Mgr. Goyeneche, of Lucia, and Mgr. Cavi, of Leghorn; two others are 90 and upwards; and 20 more are octogenarians. The seven youngest of the bishops are between 30 and 35 years of age.

More alarming news comes from Ireland. On Tuesday night, at Dublin, a meeting of the Central Amnesty Committee, whose efforts to obtain the release of the Fenian prisoners are confined to petitioning, was violently broken up by a number of persons belonging to an opposition body, under whose direction the recent procession and meeting in Dublin was held. The rioters rushed in, brandishing sticks, threw flour in the faces of the members, and, turning off the gas, proceeded to break up tables and chairs and burn the minute book and papers. Some subscriptions were purloined. The rioters dispersed before police assistance could be obtained, but some of them are known and will be prosecuted. On Monday evening Mr. M'Adam, residing near Newport, county Tipperary, was shot at through the window of his house, but was not injured.

The Baden season has just ended. There have been 61,200 visitors this summer and autumn. The Queen of Prussia left on Thursday, after a stay of more than three months. Her Majesty congratulated the director, M. Dupressoir, on the varied attractions of the place, and promised to return next spring. The list of the great personages who have visited Baden would be rather a long one; the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess, the King and Queen of Prussia, and several members of the Royal family; the King of the Belgians, &c. Don Francis d'Assiz, ex-King of Spain, has resided there incognito for several days. The Prince de Joinville went twice; the Count de Paris, the Duke de Chartres, the Duke d'Aumale, the Duke de Penthièvre, the Dukes of Hamilton and Cambridge, and Prince and Princess Charles-Napoleon Bonaparte were also at Baden during the season.

An urgent appeal for fishermen and fishermen's families is being made to the benevolent. Last month great loss of life and property occurred on the north-east cost. No less than thirty-one fishermen and boys were drowned, and left 12 widows and 27 fatherless children, who are thus entirely deprived of the means of support. In addition to the entire loss with all hands of three vessels, a fleet of 86 sail belonging to the port of Scarborough were out at sea during the severe gales, every one of which lost their nets, of the estimated value of about £20,000. Many of these were the property of poor persons, who are entirely unable to replace them, and who are thus deprived of the means of obtaining a livelihood for their families, the total number thus thrown out of employment being estimated at 700. So serious a loss of life and property has never occurred within the memory of the oldest inhabitant. The Mayor has made an appeal on behalf of the families of those whose lives or property, or both, were lost, and has headed the list with £20. Lord Londesborough gives £100.

On Tuesday one of the divers employed at the Landing Pier works, Douglas, while engaged in laying the concrete blocks under water met with a startling adventure. An immense fish, probably as much astonished as the diver himself, presented itself with extended jaws in the attitude of attack, and but for the presence of mind of the diver would probably have seized one of the limbs of the submarine workman, and with its formidable array of teeth, have instantly cut through the indiarubber dress. The diver, as when usually engaged below water, was armed with the customary offensive weapons, one of which he promptly thrust into the reptile's mouth, but, retaining his presence of mind while disabling it, firmly kept his hold, and instantly signalling to the man in charge of the pump, was rapidly drawn to the surface, bringing at the same time the vanquished fish. On examination it proved to be what is commonly called a gilliperne, or gilliperkin, but, properly defined, according to Mr. Brown, the engineer of the works, is the "toad-fish" or "fishing-frog." Its measurements are—from the tip of the snout to the point of the tail, 4ft. 6in.; across the shoulder from fin to fin, 3ft.; and across the mouth, extending vertically and horizontally, 10 to 12 inches.

On Thursday, the Queen, accompanied by their Royal Highnesses the Princesses Louise and Beatrice, Prince Leopold, and the children of Prince and Princess Christian, attended by the Marchioness of Ely, &c., arrived at Windsor from Balmoral. The train left Perth at 7 3, and at all succeeding stations the public were excluded from the platform, in order that Her Majesty might not be disturbed. After leaving Perth the *route* was by way of Crieff Junction, Kinbuck, and Alloa Junction to Greenhill, the latter station being reached at 8 20. The train then passed over the Caledonian line to Carlisle, arriving there at 11 25. After a stoppage of 20 minutes the journey was resumed on the London and North-Western line to the Bushbury junction (Wolverhampton) of the Great Western Railway. After a brief stoppage the train proceeded over the Great Western Railway, *viâ* Leamington, Oxford, and Slough, to Windsor, arriving there punctually at the time appointed, the whole distance of 591½ miles being performed in about 19 hours, including stoppages. The Royal train was in charge of Mr. Neil, of the London and North-Western Railway; and at Wolverhampton it was joined by Mr. Tyrrell, superintendent of the Great Western Railway. Sir Daniel Gooch, M.P., chairman of the Great Western Railway Company, and Mr. T. Chamberlain, Mayor of Windsor, were on the platform on her Majesty's arrival.

Three more Yarmouth fishing smacks—the *Eugene*, the *Garland*, and the *Pursuit*—are believed to be lost. At least seventy Yarmouth fishermen have been drowned in all.

The mind of the French public seems to be greatly agitated on the subject of premature burial. It is doubtless to this agitation that the following occurrence, described by the *Petit Journal*, is owing. This paper says that some days ago an inhabitant of Lyons lost a daughter aged twelve. Half an hour before the funeral the disconsolate father wished to see his child once more. The coffin was opened that he might have this sad satisfaction, but a doubt came over him at the sight of his daughter, whose features were unaltered and still tinged with colour. A doctor was sent for who declared he shared the father's doubts. The funeral was nevertheless proceeded with, for the guests were waiting in the church. Having reached the cemetery, the coffin was let down into the vault, but the father immediately sent for Delay, the engineer, inventor of an electric alarum. The apparatus, which consists of conducting wires establishing a communication between the right hand of the corpse and an electrical peal of bells, which the slightest movement sets in motion, was attached to the body. Since then the unhappy father went every day to the cemetery of Loyasse, accompanied by his doctor and the engineer Delay. On descending into the vault no sign of decomposition could be perceived. The temperature of the body was the same as that of the vault, varying from fifteen to twenty degrees. At last, after seven days of terrible perplexity without decided results, the physician-inspector, assisted by three of his colleagues, went down into the vault in the presence of a dense crowd who assisted at this touching scene. The lid of the coffin was taken off. The features of the young girl were still unaltered, and by this test alone doubts might still remain. But the doctor, putting aside the white dress which covered the body, showed a livid tinge, characteristic of death, and conclusive of the fact that it had taken place.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

At Worship-street Police-court, John Harwood, the proprietor of the Barley Mow beerhouse, Club-row, Spitalfields, attended before Mr. Ellison in answer to a summons which charged him with having, in contravention of the Habitual Criminals Act, 32 and 33 Victoria, cap. 99, sec. 10, harboured thieves and suspected persons in his house. The Commissioners of Police were for the prosecution; Mr. Montagu Williams, barrister, appeared for the defendant. Inspector Shore, of the detective department, Scotland-yard, deposed that on the night of the 15th ult. he proceeded with other officers to the defendant's house. Eighteen men and three women were in front of the bar, and seven of them were identified as convicted thieves. Three particularly were known by the *aliases* of "Jarvey," "Pearl," and "Carroty Charlie." The others were suspected persons. The defendant, on being acquainted with the character of his customers, said that he had known "Jarvey" for 20 years, and that one of the men was his potman. Upon this two of the men left, but the others remained. Four days afterwards, about 8 o'clock in the evening, when the inspector repeated his visit, twelve men and two women were in the house. Four of these he pointed out as convicted thieves. "Jarvey," and the potman already spoken of were there. None of them left the place on this occasion. The inspector could speak positively as to their having remained for three-quarters of an hour. He told the defendant that in all probability a summons would be issued, and the latter replied, "I will fight the case out: I don't value my licence." Mr. Montagu Williams after referring to certain cases, contended that, although the house kept by the defendant was well known to the police as the resort of thieves, it was not until a new and very stringent Act was passed, and a detective inspector was sent down from the West-end, that any proceedings were taken against the defendant. It showed that the police were divided among themselves. Mr. Ellison sentenced the defendant to forfeit his licence, and to pay a fine of £5 with costs. The money was paid. The house will be closed by the police.

Lord Mayor's Day in London was celebrated much as it usually is. The mounted police, to clear the way, the drums and fifes of the Grenadiers, the banners of several livery companies carried by watermen, in whose midst went the last winner of the coat and badge, clothed in bright scarlet, and looking like a watery Mephistopheles—all these gave goodly promise, which was not belied, of a show quite up to the average merit. The band of the Coldstreams preceded the Royal Standard, and banners and beadles, and more bands, and more beadles, and more banners, came in bewildering alternation with carriages bearing officers of the Distillers' Company, the Weavers' Company, and the Skinners' Company, which are the companies respectively of the Sheriffs and the Lord Mayor. His lordship's newly-gilt and thoroughly-restored coach only wanted a coat of sunshine to make it look like the car of Apollo or the chariot of Cinderella. Before the state coach went the state footmen, as tall and shapely a set of men as any Lord Mayor could wish to have in his sight and in his pay. Lord Mayor Besley had a very flattering reception. In the afternoon his lordship was presented to the Barons of the Court of Exchequer; and in the evening there was the customary banquet at the Mansion House, at which Mr. Gladstone and other Ministers were present. Referring in his speech to the outrages in Ireland, the Premier said:—Painful as it is to confess it, yet we are bound to confess that even this very year has been marked in Ireland by a sad augmentation of those agrarian outrages which, occurring as they do in a country singularly free from general tendencies to crime, have attained a painful notoriety, and have sent to the hearts of Englishmen a deadly chill. What may be the causes of this increase of outrage, it must be premature, and it would be difficult to say; but one thing I know, and I would that I could convey it to the minds of those who are connected with these sad atrocities—let not those who perpetrate them suppose that that is the path on which they are to attain to success in legislation—(cheers)—or the removal of grievances. (Renewed cheers.) On the contrary, any man who lifts his hand to harm his neighbour in Ireland at this moment is not merely acting an unwise and guilty part, but he is, before all things, and above all things, the enemy of the best interests of his country. (Cheers.)

The *Stationer* says it is incorrect that Mr. Disraeli was ever "a gentleman of the Press." In a letter lately addressed by Mr. Disraeli's secretary, at the request of the right hon. gentleman, to Mr. Robert H. Mair, the editor of "Debrett's House of Commons and the Judicial Bench," he states that "Mr. Disraeli was never engaged as a journalist on the metropolitan or any other Press, and was never editor of the *Representative* or any other newspaper."

Tuesday, the Prince of Wales's 29th birthday, was observed in the usual manner. The Prince returned to Marlborough House from Scarborough on Saturday. In the evening the Prince and Princess went to the Haymarket Theatre to see the performance of "New Men and Old Acres." We feel sure that the *New York Tribune* libels the Heir Apparent by saying that "The extravagant curiosity of the Prince of Wales to visit Traupmann, the wholesale Paris murderer, appears to have stricken the French population with something akin to consternation. His request was very properly denied, and the august suppliant was compelled to return home with his morbid desire ungratified."

Sunday was the day selected for the burial of five of the men who lost their lives by the explosion of the boiler of her Majesty's gun-boat Thistle on the previous Wednesday. Their names were—Joseph Lawrence, stoker; John Daer, fitter; George J. Whalebone, engineer student; Robert Robinson, leading stoker; and Edward Mason, fitter. Lawrence and Daer were Freemasons, and as no one appeared to claim the body of Lawrence, his Lodge (Adam's, No. 153, late 184) made arrangements for his burial, and, by the express wish of the Masonic body in Sheerness, the remains of Daer were included in the same ceremonial. Mason belonged to the Manchester Unity of Odd Fellows, and the others to various societies. It was therefore determined to give these five a public funeral, and this was solemnized as above stated on Sunday afternoon last. Three o'clock was the time fixed, and for an hour before the streets were filled with members of the societies alluded to and general spectators. The War Department readily granted the use of a gun-carriage, on which the coffin of Lawrence was conveyed to the cemetery, which is upwards of a mile from the town. The procession included upwards of 100 members of the Order of Freemasons (Lodges Adam's and De Shurland), 150 Odd Fellows, M. U. (Lodges "Philanthropic" and "Loyal Standard of Freedom"), 60 of the Society of Amalgamated Engineers, about 50 sergeants, gunners, and bombardiers of the Royal Artillery, with nearly 300 sailors. The rear was brought up by the Adam's Lodge of Freemasons, who were followed by many of the principal officials of the dockyard. The line of route was crowded with a large concourse of spectators, all of whom showed signs of deep grief, many being attired in mourning. The houses in the town had their blinds drawn and the shutters closed. The funeral service was impressively read by the Rev. G. Bryant, M.A., incumbent of Sheerness.

The Court of Common Pleas was occupied on Monday with a case, Calcott *v.* Sullivan, in which the parties belonged to the theatrical profession. Mr. Hawkins, Q.C. (with whom was Mr. Joyce), moved, on behalf of the defendant, to set aside the verdict, and for a new trial, on the ground of misdirection and that the verdict was against the evidence. The action was tried before the Lord Chief Baron, and was for a wrongful dismissal, and the jury found a verdict for the plaintiff for £100 damages. It appeared that the defendant was the lessee of the Holborn Theatre, and the plaintiff had entered into a contract to serve him for a year as scene painter at a salary of £12 a week, and the question raised on the trial was whether, under the circumstances which occurred, the defendant was justified in dismissing him. The engagement commenced on the 11th of April last, and the dismissal was six weeks afterwards. During the long run at the theatre of a piece called "Money" the defendant had made various complaints as to the manner in which the scenery had been painted, and as to the plaintiff's inattention to the orders given to him. Afterwards "The School for Scandal" was performed, and it became necessary to paint a library and screen and cupboard for the screen scene. The library had been painted without books, and the cupboard was so placed behind the screen where Lady Teazle was hidden, that when Sir Peter Teazle had to get into it out of sight of Lady Teazle, he could only do so by going past her, so that if anything had occurred between Lady Teazle and her admirer which had naturally led to proceedings on the part of Sir Peter Teazle in another court, the Queen's Proctor would undoubtedly have intervened for connivance. (Laughter.) Mr. Sullivan, at two o'clock that day, directed this blunder to be altered; but at ten o'clock at night it was found that nothing had been done. Subsequently Mr. Callcott was required to paint a drawing-room scene, which was to contain some mirrors, without being informed for what part of any performance it was wanted. Mr. Callcott said "he did not know what it was wanted for, and he would be —— if he would paint it until he did." For this the plaintiff was dismissed. The Lord Chief Baron left it to the jury to say whether any opportunity had been offered to the plaintiff to express regret or make any apology for what he had said, whereas he ought to have told the jury that the refusal to obey a reasonable order justified the dismissal. The Court granted a rule *nisi* on both points.

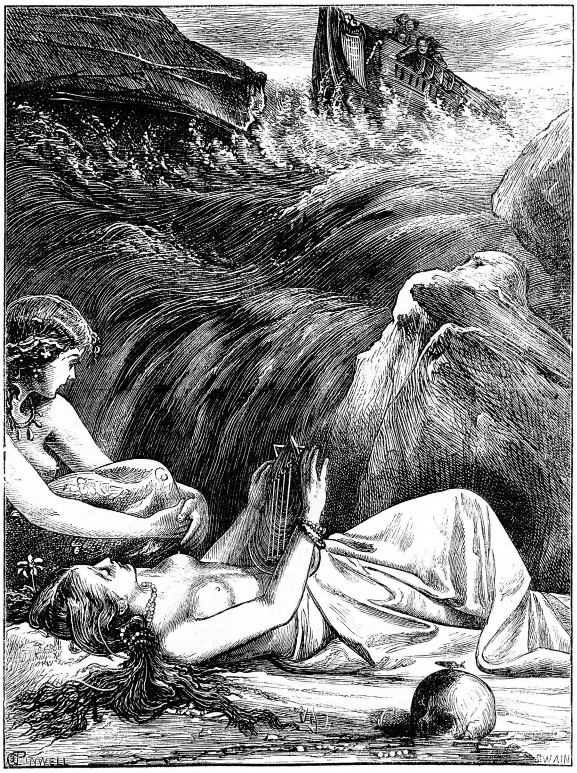
AN ESSEX CASUAL WARD.—The man who takes care of this place is an old pauper, who has been at sea all his life. He had some soup and meat to sell at a penny a plateful: but I must confess the humiliating fact that the whole of the occupants of the ward could not produce that sum, and old Daddy—they are all called Daddies—said, "Well, I nivver seed anything like it! Why, last summer there allers used to be a penny or two in the place; but now! why I can't get a farthing to scratch my nose with." One gentleman said that unfortunately he had left his money on the pianer in the droring-room; another said that he paid the whole of his money away for hincome-tax; while Dick said that the last time he was in quod he gave his tin to the governor for the Lancashire Distress Fund. All this "chaff" produced much laughter; and everybody went to sleep in the best humour.—*"Places and People," by J. C. Parkinson.*

THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO THE CITY.

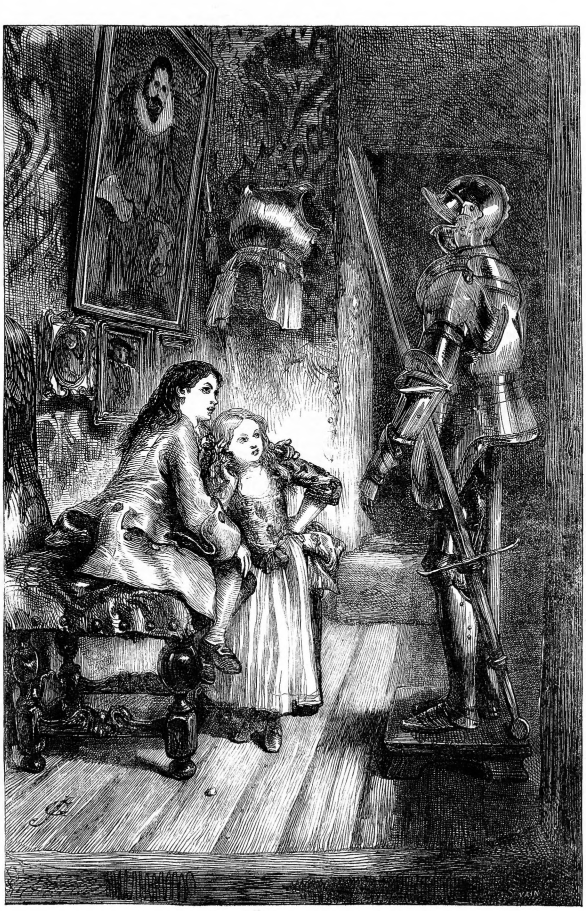
For the first time in eighteen years, and for the fourth time in her reign, the Queen visited the City of London in state on Saturday, and opened the Holborn Viaduct and the new Blackfriars Bridge. Her Majesty left Windsor a little before eleven o'clock, accompanied by the Princess Louise, Prince Leopold, and the Princess Beatrice. At Paddington the royal party were received by the Duke of Wellington, Lord Sydney, Sir John Biddle, and some of the directors of the company. On stepping from the train, her Majesty shook hands with the Duke of Wellington, and at once passed through the station to an open carriage, drawn by six handsome bays. The royal suite consisted of five carriages. Her Majesty was dressed in mourning, relieved by an ermine tippet, and behind her rode her faithful gillie, John Brown. The route was through Hyde Park, along Constitution Hill, the Horse Guards, Whitehall, over Westminster Bridge, and along Stamford-street to the southern end of Blackfriars Bridge. The scene on the bridge was very picturesque. After several of the civic officials had been introduced to her Majesty, the time-honoured ceremony of delivering to her the sword of state was duly gone through, and the antique weapon was gracefully waved back into civic keeping. An address was then presented to her Majesty by the Lord Mayor. Mr. Cubitt, the engineer of the bridge, and Mr. J. Paterson, the chairman of the Bridge House Estates Committee, were severally introduced to her Majesty. Mr. Paterson begged her Majesty's acceptance of a small illuminated book containing a short account of the bridge; and, after expressing her thanks for this beautiful *souvenir*, her Majesty declared the new bridge open for traffic. While all these ceremonies were being gone through, the crowd in the pavilion and galleries were comparatively quiet, but immediately the Queen had declared the bridge to be open there were outbursts of cheering, and the procession re-formed. As her Majesty's carriage moved forward, permission was given to the representatives of the Press to walk behind, but others who had not the same claim to consideration joined in the following, and the result was much confusion. Before many hundred yards had been traversed the motley crowd had been weeded out, and pushed behind the cordon of guards who lined the road, and when the party reached the top of Farringdon-street all that were left of this irregular escort were two or three persevering pressmen, struggling through the mud, with the apparent object of being as close as possible to her Majesty's carriage. The presence of black-coated civilians marred the appearance of the pageant, and could not be comprehended by the crowd, many of whom imagined that her Majesty had surrounded herself with a bodyguard of detective police. The spectacle from the crown of the bridge to the top of Farringdon-street was magnificent. The buildings and temporary galleries were crowded with sightseers, there was a good, though by no means a large, display of bunting, and the spectators were exceedingly orderly. The unemployed operatives who threatened to line this part of the thoroughfare were nowhere to be seen, and her Majesty was thus spared a painful exhibition, as much out of taste as it would have been unnecessary to a Sovereign who has always set an example to her subjects in her display of sympathy with real suffering. The ceremony at the Viaduct was soon over. The Lord Mayor presented Mr. Deputy Fry, the chairman of the Improvement Committee, and he, in turn, presented Mr. Heywood, the engineer. Her Majesty was also pleased to accept another *souvenir*, in the shape of an illuminated book containing a short account of the Holborn Valley improvement. The Queen then declared the Viaduct open; and after some delay, the Queen returned by special train to Windsor, which was reached shortly before two o'clock. In the evening the events of the day were celebrated by a banquet at the Mansion House. About 250 guests sat down. The new bridge will cost about £320,000. The viaduct is, however, the greater work, and itself forms but a part of the great Holborn Valley improvement. It consists of a roadway 80 ft. wide, extending from the western end of Newgate-street to Hatton Gardens, and where the arches spau the Farringdon-road they have been constructed with bold columns of granite. The road will afford easy access to the City from Oxford-street, and do away with the steep and slippery inclines which have hitherto made that route one of the most dangerous thoroughfares in the City. The accessories of the work—new buildings, new streets, and subways—have all been carried out on a scale of great magnificence; and when the additional thoroughfares that are contemplated have been united to the Viaduct, that part ef the City will have been so changed that country visitors must for a time fail to recognise it.

Mr. Bruce has written to the Lord Mayor (who is to be made a baronet) expressing her entire satisfaction with the arrangements, and "for the care taken in making the ceremony as little fatiguing as possible."

Since the bridge was thrown open to the public on Monday serious deficiencies have been found in the stone-work.



THE SYRENS.—*BY G. J. PINWELL.*



THE SUIT OF ARMOUR.—*BY JOHN GILBERT.*

ITALIAN OPERA AT BIRMINGHAM.

One of the greatest treats possibl
afforded to the musical public of Bi
ham last week by Mr. Simpson's e
ment of the Italian Opera Company,
included Mdlles. Titiens, Sinico, V
Scalchi, Baumeister, Corsi, and Il
Murska; Signor Della Rocca, M
Mongini, Cotogni, Antonnucci,
Campi, Casaboni, Herr Formes, Mr.
and Mr. Santley, with Signor Ard
conductor, and Mr. A. Harris as
manager.

The operas given were *Il Tro*
Lucia di Lammermoor, and *Don Gi*
and each representation was charac
by that completeness and perfectio
attainable by artistes of such emine
those whose names are given abo
pressure of other news precludes t
sertion of a detailed notice of the
represented, and we shall content ou
therefore with a few general re
Mdlle. Titiens was, as she always
finished artiste whom it is a real deli
see and hear in those parts in th
drama she has made her own. This
songstress was never listened to wit
attention and pleasure than on Th
and Saturday nights in the *Trovato*
Don Giovanni, and the reception gi
her showed the high estimation in
she is held by a Birmingham au
Mdlle. Ilma di Murska made her fi
pearance in Birmingham on Friday
as "Lucy" in *Lucia di Lammermoo*
made an impression upon all who he
that will not soon be forgotten.
and endowed with a voice that has p
never been surpassed, Mdlle. di
sang and acted with a skill and perf
that fairly astonished and enraptur
audience. Mdlle. Sinico and Mdlle.
zini, as well as the other ladies of th
pany, left but little to be desired i
execution of the various *rôles* entru
them. Herr Formes is never so m
home as when he is impersonating "
rello," that "maccaroni-eating r
whose faculty for getting into scr
only equalled by his love of the dis
to every Italian. As a buffo singe
Formes stands alone—he has no pa
and his humorous rendering of "Lep
convulsed the audience. Signor Della
is, we believe, a *débutant*, and la
under the disadvantage of having to
arduous part, which taxed all his en
His performance was, however, take
gether, very creditable. Our famou
lish tenor, Mr. Santley, was in ex
voice, and as the Count di Luna i
vatore, and the "Don" on Saturday
gave further proof of his remarkable
and capacity for operatic singing.
Santley was a splendid exponent
libertine "Don Giovanni," acting an
ing in his very best style, and what
most of our readers know. Signor M
too, had a hearty reception, particul
the difficult *rôle* of "Edgardo" in *L*
Lammermoor, in which he achieved
served triumph. The other singers w
not particularise; the majority of
were perfect in their several part
completeness was given to all the
sentations by the conducting of
Arditi, who was each evening greete
a round of applause upon making
pearance in the orchestra.

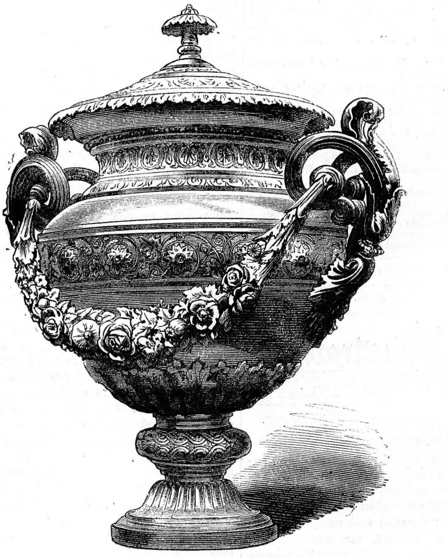
LONDON FEVER DEN

The Vestry of Clerkenwell have
come to the resolution to demolish th
of a "property," a block of building
between Frying-pan-alley and Bi
known as "Jack Ketch's warren."
Sanitary Committee of the Vest
reported that they quite agreed w
medical officer and surveyor of the
who had condemned the place as u
human habitation, and recommend
Vestry to demolish the houses, n
standing that owners and solicit
owners had denied the right of the
and had given notice of appeal
Quarter Sessions. One member of t
try, Mr. Franklin, declared that the
ren" was composed of pest holes,
source of trouble for years as a br
place of fever. Mr. Palmer said
been in London all his life and had
entered a block of houses in such a
condition, and the place, fraugh
misery to all its inhabitants, was the
ing-place of everything which was
being obscured, without light or vent
and nothing but a fever-generating
Mr. Brooke expressed his delight
prospect of having the "accursed sp
moved, for there had been attemp
ten years to remove a place whe
squalid misery was heartrending t
upon. Several members objected
action of the committee as being too
and eventually a delay was obtained
purpose of seeking counsel's opinio
respect to the powers of the Vestry.
opinion was given in favour of the
and orders thereupon issued for the
lition of the warren.

WOOD CARVING.

This delightful art, which received so severe a check throughout Europe by the adoption of stucco for the decoration of exteriors, has gradually revived during the present century. In England, the works of W. Gibbs Rogers, the Messrs. Ruddle, of Peterborough, and others, lose nothing in comparison with the best specimens of Grinling Gibbons, Philip Wood, or any of the old masters. Some of the London churches, St. Mary-at-Hill, St. Michael's, for instance, contain decorations by Rogers remarkable for their design and exquisite workmanship, and the modern carvings in Westminster Abbey and the Temple Church attest the great ability of other living followers of the art. It is to be regretted that machinery is ever allowed to lay its "measured hand" on work which, to be intrinsically excellent, should be the sole production of the artist's hand and brain. Much as such mechanical aid may facilitate the operations of the sculptor, if too freely used it inevitably destroys that ineffable effect of character, so difficult to define and yet so sensibly present in all works of genius. We give drawings this week of two medallions exhibited in the Wittenberg Exhibition. They are 3½ feet long by 2½ feet wide, and are interesting as being specimen of modern German wood carving, by Stövesandt, of Karlsruhe. They are intended to decorate the walls of a dining-room, and represent, in *alto relievo*, epicurean delicacies of the land and sea. The medallions obtained a gold medal from the Judges of Works of Art exhibited at Wittenberg.

Another gold medal was awarded to a Bronze Vase, of which we also give an engraving. The merits of this charming design will be apparent to all *connoisseurs* of bronzes.


BRONZE VASE.

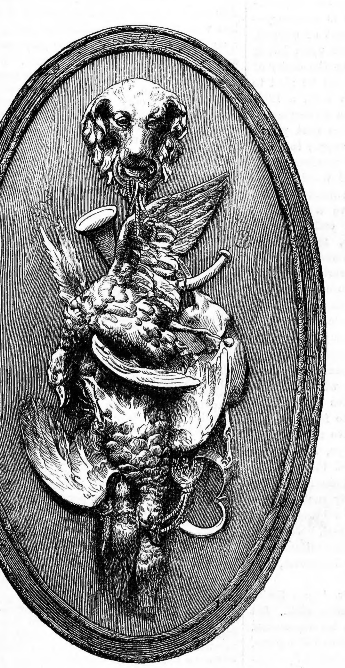
FREEMASONRY IN WARWICKSHIRE.

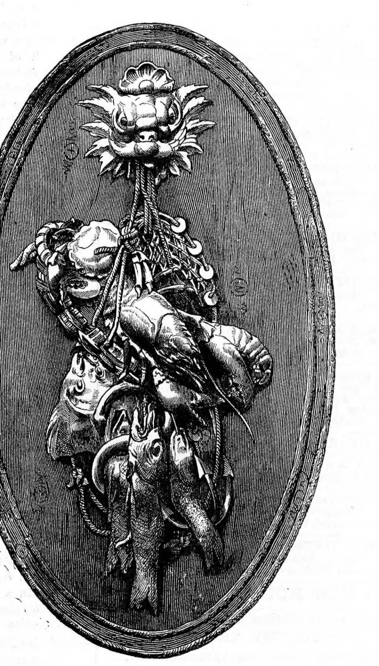
The proceedings of the Annual Meeting of the Provincial Grand Lodge of Warwickshire, held at Leamington, on the 27th ultimo, were marked by the opening of the new south porch of the Parish Church. During the past three years the fabric has received large additions. The entire south transept has been added, immense arches have been turned to support the intended central lantern tower, and the whole has been graced by the new south porch. The style is that of the 13th century, and the immense proportions of the whole may be judged from the fact that from the ground to the cross on the summit of the south transept the height is 85 ft. The general outline is that of Howden Church, but the rose window is adopted from the celebrated example at St. Ouen's, at Rouen. The porch, which was opened in its incomplete state by Lord Leigh, and the Provincial Grand Lodge, is what is termed a trinity porch. The pinnacles on either side rise in three stories to the height of 54 ft. The central gable is 35 ft. high, and the side gables 29 ft. It stands 20 ft. from the southern door of the church, and is in form a double cube on the plan. Within the trefoil in the centre of the west gable on a triangular ribband is "Gloria in Excelsis Deo," and on the east gable, "Anno Domini, 1869." The quatrefoil on the centre gable terminates in a shield bearing a monogram, one of the "Cifro Quadrato" of Palatino, which ingeniously intertwines the letters, "John Craig, Vicar." It should not be forgotten that the church was designed by Mr. Craig himself, and that the porch has been carried out under his superintendence. The drawings were made by Mr. George Punshon, and the work executed by Mr. Marriott, of Coventry. The contract for the porch, which is executed in Bath stone, is £1,140, and the whole of the additions have cost over £9,000, and have occupied three years. The foundation stone of the porch was laid by Lord Leigh, in May, 1867, with great ceremony, and the whole of the works will be finished by Christmas. The finished design of the church is shown in the vignette, and it is hoped that the Church Completion Committee will be enabled to proceed with the remaining portions of the design. In the year 1800 one of the humblest of village churches stood on this site. It was entirely remodelled in 1826, and of this fabric there is only a small vestry remaining. The present building is the third church that has stood on the same site within the memory of many yet living. The Hon. and Rev. J. W. Leigh, P.G.C., preached the opening sermon from 1 Chron. xxix, 14; and at the annual meeting, and the ceremony, the folllowing lodges were represented:—Fletcher Lodge, No. 1031; St. Paul's Lodge, No. 43; Athol Lodge, 74; Trinity Lodge, No. 254; Shakspeare Lodge, No. 284; Apollo Lodge, No. 301; Guy's Lodge, No. 395; Abbey Lodge, No. 432; Lodge of Light, No. 468; Faithful Lodge, No. 473; Lodge of Rectitude, No. 502; Unity Lodge, No. 567; Howe Lodge, No. 587; Stoneleigh Lodge, No. 725; Temperance Lodge, No. 739; Bard of Avon Lodge, No. 778; Warden Lodge, No. 794; Leigh Lodge, No. 887; Bedford Lodge, No. 925; Grosvenor Lodge, No. 938; Elkington Lodge, No. 1016; Emulation Lodge, No. 1163; and the Forward Lodge, No. 1180.

Dr. Thom's application for £5,000, to carry on the prosecution against the directors of Overend, Gurney, and Company, was refused by Vice-Chancellor Malins on Friday.

WRECK OF THE JOSEPHINE.

Of all the spectacles on the coast during the late gales not one was more harrowing in its details than the wreck of the English brig Josephine off Boulogne harbour, which is illustrated on page 173. This vessel was bound from Plymouth to Trieste, and was caught in the gale near Boulogne. Signals of distress were at once made, and some courageous persons put off from the harbour to the Josephine's assistance, but their noble efforts were fruitless, and all on board went down with the ill-fated vessel. The bravery of the French seamen and boatmen is often doubted; but none who saw from the pier the endeavours made by the Boulognese to rescue the crew of the Josephine will ever question their courage. In our Illustration of this terrible scene the lifeboat is shown nearing the Josephine, whose captain, with his wife and crew, are clinging to the shrouds of the wreck.


WOOD CARVING.—GAME.


WOOD CARVING.—FISH.

THE SUEZ CANAL.

This gigantic work, the progress of which has been noticed from time to time in this Journal, will be shortly opened with all that magnificence that eastern liberality and taste are famous for. Unfortunately, however, differences have arisen between the Sultan and the Viceroy of Egypt which will probably prevent the attendance of the former potentate. These difficulties have also somewhat marred the visit of the Empress of the French to the East. Writing from Cairo on the 28th of October, the *Telegraph's* special correspondent says:—Even if the relations between Cairo and Constantinople were of the friendliest character, the Padishah would not be a welcome guest on the present occasion. The Sultan, with the best will in the world, would be in the way at festivities in which the Viceroy, by the force of circumstances, must be the principal personage for the time being. The Suez Canal, whether for good or ill, is the work of Egypt, not of Turkey—of the Viceroy, not of the Padishah. The guests to be assembled at the inauguration have been invited—whether with or without justice—by the Khediveh, and are entertained at his expense; and therefore, if the Sultan were to come in the character of Suzerain of Egypt, he could only do so with the direct object of deposing the Viceroy from his position of host and master of the feast. A wilful slight of this kind would infallibly be resented, not only by Ibrahim Pasha, but by the Royal personages who have come to enjoy his hospitality, and would, moreover, be entirely out of keeping with that dignity and self-respect on which the Ottoman Government justly prides itself. On the other hand, it is absolutely impossible for the Sultan to come here as a Royal guest, in the same category with the Emperor of Austria and the Empress of the French, unless he is prepared to abandon his claim to be considered the lawful Sovereign of Egypt; and I am convinced that, whatever may be the case hereafter, the Porte has no intention of giving any kind of sanction to the notion that Egypt is an independent State. With regard to the present condition of the quarrel between Cairo and Constantinople, you know much more in London and Paris than we do in Egypt. The idea commonly entertained here is that the dispute has been settled for the time by heavy money payments at Stamboul.

Our Illustration on page 172 depicts the reception of the first detachment of guests invited to the opening of the canal by M. de Lesseps, and who met at the new port which that gentleman has constructed on the shores of the Mediterranean as a rival to Alexandria. The principal figure in the engraving is that M. de Lesseps himself, whose arrival on board the steamer *Le Mœris* was greeted by the passengers with every demonstration of delight and respect. The inaugural vogage through the canal (says the writer referred to above) will occupy three days. The first day's halt will be at Ismaila; the second, I believe, at Chalouf or at the foot of the Bitter Lakes; the third and last, at Suez. At each of these places there will be fêtes, though how all the guests are to be lodged and boarded Heaven only knows. On the 20th the Empress will bid farewell to the Viceroy, and return by the canal to Port Said, whence she will take her departure for the West. The Emperor of Austria and the Princes of Prussia and Hesse come on to Cairo, where there will be a series of entertainments in their honour. Francis Joseph will be lodged at the Ghizeh Palace, where the Empress had her abode: the Prince of Prussia and his brother-in-law will be located at the Ghizeh Palace; and Mr. Elliot, as representative of England, will have apartments in Nubar Pasha's official residence on the Esbekieh. So the programme—for the accuracy of which I can vouch—stands at present; but circumstances may occur to alter it.

EARTHQUAKES IN GERMANY.

Some particulars of the earthquakes in Germany have come to hand. The shocks of the 30th and 31st October were most distinctly felt at Frankfort, Wiesbaden, Darmstadt, Mayence, Offenbach, Eberstadt, and Giessen. On the 31st October a shock of such severity was experienced that every object in the rooms began to oscillate in a strange and alarming manner. This continued foı three or four seconds, the direction being from east to west. Houses were shaken to their very foundations. The movement, as far as could be judged, was undulatory. The shock far surpassed in violence anything of the kind previously experienced in that part of Germany. A correspondent from Frankfort states: "Five of us were sitting at a round table in the second story of the house when something like an electric shock seemed to pass through us all simultaneously. At the same moment our chairs and the ground under our feet began to oscillate, the windows of the new solid stone house clicked as if struck by a sudden blast from without, and the doors creaked as if a more distant door on the same floor had been closed by some one with a violent clash, we observing that the lustre in the middle of the room was swinging like a slow pendulum. In Rüsselsheim and Scwanheim several chimneys were overturned by the shock." At Gross-Gerau dogs ran about terrified, horses broke loose from their mangers, and men, women, and children ran out into the streets. The wealthier inhabitants took the railway train to seek refuge in the adjoining towns; the remainder passed an anxious night listening to the low and continued rumbling beneath their feet. After this the shocks, though frequent, were less severe till a quarter to twelve on the night of Nov. 1st, when a violent undulation was again felt, followed by a succession of minor earth-waves. The inhabitants have been in the greatest terror, and seriously apprehend for their little town the fate of Lisbon.

A statue of Abraham Lincoln, in Prospect-park, New York, was unveiled on the 21st ult. The statue was erected by means of a dollar subscription fund raised by citizens, without regard to party connexion. The statue is of bronze, about 9ft. high, and represents the figure of the late President standing, with the folds of a cloak draped about him; his left hand is extended, and holds a manuscript. The sculptor is Mr. H. K. Brown, and he himself unveiled the statue in the presence of at least 15,000 persons.

The following is a literal copy of a notice which has been posted on the gate of a gentleman residing at Killucan, County Westmeath:—"Noetice to the public,—We hereby warn all land-jobers to desist from taking in Feuture, as we considered the former notice too late to act upon; but we give this as a Final, which will be acted on Under any circumstances. Any person persons acting contrary to this notice will be shot; so you have the alternative. ENEMY TO OPPRESSION."

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⁂ Several correspondents complain that they cannot get our paper at Euston Square Station and some other distant places. We endeavour to meet these difficulties as they arise. We would suggest to our correspondents that a quarterly subscription of 4s. 6d. will secure to them a copy regularly posted on Friday night.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

OXONIENSIS.—Thanks for your kind suggestions. They shall have our best attention.

The Illustrated MIDLAND NEWS

BIRMINGHAM, NOV. 13, 1869.

MR. GLADSTONE'S speech at the Mansion House on Tuesday night was chiefly remarkable for the temperate but withal firm manner in which the unhappy state of Ireland was alluded to. While not attempting to disguise the absence of "strength and unity" in a considerable part of Ireland, the Premier, who appeared anxious to open his heart to his hearers, did not scruple to hint that the unhappy sister island would not be any the better off for the clamourings of her hot-headed sons. Those who have striven to inflame the minds of Irishmen by their treasonable acts and words may take the Premier's speech to heart: Mr. Gladstone will not a second time make the mistake of opening the prison-doors, and there is no popularity to be got out of further pandering to Irish rowdies. The Government will not be bullied into setting these traitors free, nor will all the frothy speeches and revilings in the world tend to that end.

WHILST declaring the Governmental policy as regards Ireland, Mr. Gladstone did not forget our relations with America. His reference to the death of Mr. Peabody was the prelude to his statement that "with the country of Mr. Peabody we are not likely to quarrel." The Premier was not content with this outspoken remark; he declared with confidence that "a parricidal strife between England and America is of all things the most unlikely to grow out of this complication." He based this belief in the existence of what he called "an international public opinion, a standard of moral conduct, a standard which each nation has set up for itself." There is nothing ike making "assurance doubly sure;" very few Englishmen liked to believe that there was a prospect of a rupture of the friendly relations between England and America; and this declaration by the Premier that we have not the slightest cause for apprehension will be received by both countries with genuine satisfaction.

THE impudence of M. Henri Rochefort, editor of the infamous *Lanterne*, is unparalleled. Last Saturday Rochefort, who is a candidate at the elections for which the canvass is now being made, was arrested, being on French territory, which he was prohibited from setting foot upon. The Emperor, however, generously ordered Rochefort's release in consequence of his candidature, and the Emperor's liberality was repaid by treasonable utterances at a public meeting the same evening! The police interfered, as a matter of course; but Rochefort is at liberty, and free apparently to do whatever he pleases. In a week's time the elections take place. We shall wait anxiously to see how the Paris electors treat an outlaw, who has villanously lampooned the Emperor and Empress.

It is reported that Mr. Gladstone contemplates the abolition of tax-collectors. In that case the taxes will be paid at a regular office, just as the dog tax now is.

The gale which prevailed along the Western coast on Friday, was one of much violence, and exercised a considerable influence on the tides. At Weston-super-Mare, Clevedon, and other coast towns, the waves broke in upon the shore with wintry power, and scattered their foam high in the air. The inflow on the evening of that day was the highest since the 28th of February last, and nearly approached that unusually fine tide. At Pill the water flooded the lower parts of the houses, and on the opposite bank at Shirehampton, under the Telegraph Office, it was two feet deep.

WHAT WE BREATHE.

The obvious answer to the question, "What do we breathe?" is, "Air." But the reply is only partly correct; for air, free from all contamination, is impossible to be obtained. It is not too much to say that in no part of the world can we inhale a mouthful of air perfectly pure: in air, as in water, countless impurities may be met with. It is only by artificial means that we can get perfectly pure air. But it may be asked, "If no pure air can be obtained, how can anyone tell what constitutes purity?" The question is easily answered. In whatever locality air be taken; whether on a lofty mountain range, in a deep humid valley, a dark noxious mine, amongst the fresh breezes of the sea, or the foul atmosphere of a crowded room, certain constituents will be found in all the specimens alike. These constituents, present in all places, at all times, are fairly considered as being the essentials of the atmosphere. Those, on the other hand, which are present in one locality, but wanting in another, are rightly regarded as extraneous matters. The really vital import of the statistics of the air is fortunately becoming better understood, and the tests of science are so much more subtle now than they were a few years ago, that we may expect soon to have something like proper attention paid to the state of the atmosphere of thickly-peopled localities. Doubtless, ere long, we shall have, in the reports of the Registrar-General, at least a weekly return as to the state of the air in our large towns. When it is considered that foul air is the most dangerous and subtlest means of introducing poisons and germs of disease into the body; that in the case of air, there is direct contamination of the blood, without even the intervention of the power of selection evinced by the digestive organs; the full importance of such reports will be manifest. To show how men of science can now proceed to make the air not only tell with certainty its exact composition at any time, but even indicate pretty clearly its former history, will no doubt be interesting; the more so as it will not be needful to enter on the discussion of any abstruse questions, nor to use any hard terms. Before indicating the means of research, it may be well to bear in mind that not all impurities are unwholesome either in air or water. Some of the extraneous matters found in the air are very beneficial to the system—some only to certain people, others are deadly poisons to all. Good wholesome air contains first, the two gases oxygen and nitrogen—which really constitute the air—a little carbonic acid gas, and some watery vapour. To make the air invigorating the presence of some ozone is necessary—ozone being a peculiar development of oxygen, very active in its healthy effects upon living organisms, and potent in causing the decay of dead ones. Besides these, we shall be glad to meet with a modicum of nitric acid, a little ammonia, a taste of iodine, and a flavouring of those sweet country-born essences that plants return for the carbonic acid we supply to them. But when we meet the germs of noxious fungi, deleterious gases, the particles of wood, cotton, starch, and the thousand foreign matters which rise from our streets, we have a right to insist that science shall be called in to protect us, as far as possible, from having fell poisons, subtle and refined, mixed with every draught of air we take. That a serious injury is incurred, by even a short exposure to foul air, must be evident when it is borne in mind that in two and a half minutes the whole of the blood in any person's body will pass through the heart, and consequently through the lungs. Therefore to breathe foul air for the space named will contaminate every corpuscle in the whole system; and in two and a half minutes more those corpuscles will have commenced to feed the most distant organs of the body; in five minutes, the throbbing brain, the gleaming eye, the quickly beating ear, and every nerve and tissue in the frame will begin to absorb the poison conveyed into the lungs by foul air. Surely such facts as these "must give us pause" ere we turn a deaf ear to the teachings of science, and, heedless of the consequences, breathe the deadly miasmata of overcrowded halls, ill-ventilated bedrooms, and ill-drained yards.

To this important question Dr. Angus Smith has lately turned his great scientific skill. Let us see what may be learnt from his researches. Dr. Smith took 2,495 litres, equal to 4,393 pints, of the air of Manchester, and washed it by shaking the air with some water in bottles. From this air 150 drops of impregnated water were obtained. Now since the water was, of course, distilled, all its impurities must be owing to the air which had been washed with it. After the washing was performed, Dr. Smith got Mr. Dancer to examine the water with a very powerful microscope. The result of this examination was, that the 150 drops contained no less than 37,000,000 spores of fungi. This result was considered so startling that several times were the most careful tests repeated, but in each case a further verification was obtained. When the bottle containing the washings was allowed to stand, the fungi rapidly increased in number. We are further told that the water washed from the air a kind of dust, and that in three or four days this dust developed itself in the form of innumerable animalculæ, amongst which monads formed the majority. The residue of the dust yielded particles of wood only partially burnt, small filaments of cotton, and some bits of starch. It was also found that the Manchester rain will turn litmus paper red, owing to the acidity of the atmosphere. While the rain, which falls on the sea coast, contains a quantity of salt—which is chiefly chloride of sodium—that further inland contains but a small quantity of chlorides, but a preponderance of sulphates. In the occurrence of these sulphates there is a very beneficent disposition of Providence. From decomposing matter, quantities of sulphuretted hydrogen are given off; in fact to this gas, and its *confrére* phosphoretted hydrogen, is due the horrible stench of putrefying substances. The accumulation of these foul gases would, ere long, render the atmosphere unbearable, were it not that the oxygen of the air turns them into sulphates and phosphates, and thus renders them innocuous. The quantity of sulphuric acid in the air is however considerably augmented by that derived from the combustion of coal. As the sulphates and phosphates afford some indication of the previous contamination of the atmosphere, so does it become possible to trace the sources of pollution and the fountains of disease.

As to the effect of impure air on man, we have already given some proof in the fact, that in five minutes after commencing to breathe foul air, its baneful influences will reach the furthest vessels of the body. Further corroboration may be found in the fact that the quantity of air washed by Dr. Angus Smith is about equal to that breathed by an adult in ten hours. Therefore, in ten hours, a Manchester man will run the risk of taking into the delicate cells of his lungs no less than 37,000,000 fungoid spores, besides the germs of countless animalculæ; not to mention the concomitants of wood, cotton, and starch. In the face of all this, we still wonder why consumption is rampant amongst urban populations. From this picture of the pollution of the air, let us turn to the pleasant one of the wonderful compensating influences at work. The carbonic acid thrown off by animals, and from fires, is to plants most nourishing food. The plants decomposing this carbonic acid, which to animals is poison, give us back pure oxygen, which is the well-spring of our life. In rural districts is produced the ozone which is to give an extra stimulant to jaded human nature. The silent electric influences, always at work, no less than the blinding lightning flash, produce quantities of nitric acid, which plays an important part in the economy of nature. From the sea we get quantities of iodine, most beneficial in its effects upon the system. As we before described, not only are beneficial agents continually produced, but most deadly poisons are rendered innocuous by the beautiful power of compensation which runs through all the works of Nature. Let us hope that this branch of science may be earnestly followed up, and that by legislative and other means the action of nature will be still further aided in purifying the air we breathe.

THE NEW BISHOP OF SALISBURY.—The Right Rev. Dr. Moberly will be enthroned as Bishop of Salisbury on Saturday (this day). The Dean and Chapter will meet at Mitre Corner House, in the High-street, from which there will be a procession, consisting of the Mayor and Corporation of the city of Salisbury, the choir of the cathedral, the Bishop and his chaplains, the members of the cathedral body, the diocesan clergy, &c. Opposite the Cathedral Grammar School a congratulatory speech will be delivered by the senior chorister boy in Latin, and acknowledged by the Bishop. On arriving at the cathedral the usual form of enthronisation will be gone through, and at its conclusion the Bishop and others will be entertained at a *déjeûner* at the Council Chamber, given by the Mayor and Corporation.

ADVANCE OF WAGES IN THE IRON TRADE.—The North Staffordshire ironmasters, like those in the southern part of the county, have decided upon advancing the price of iron £1 per ton, and the wages of puddlers 1s. per ton, and of millmen 10 per cent.—thus, in fact, reverting to the scale of wages paid before the last reduction, nearly two years ago. This increase of wages has not been given without a movement on the part of the men, who applied three weeks ago for a return to the old scale, and hinted a threat to strike if their demand were not complied with—a threat, however, which with a want of funds to fall back upon was not very likely to be executed. The ironmasters of the north, like those of the south of the county, have recently held two meetings, at the first of which they decided upon advances of 10s. per ton in the price of iron, and sixpence in the wages of puddlers, and five per cent. in the wages of millmen; but at the second meeting, on Friday afternoon, they resolved upon doubling these sums. There has been as yet no time to ascertain what influence the advance in the price will have upon the demand for iron. At the old price there was a steady trade doing in general descriptions of iron for home consumption, and, although the shipping season of the northern ports is closed, the demand in the United States is rather more active. There are no current transactions in pig-iron, makers having pretty generally sold to the end of the quarter, and being unwilling at present to enter into contracts for the next quarter. The ironstone and coal trades continue quiet. The new scale of prices and wages will take effect at the end of a week from this date.

NEWS OF THE MIDLANDS.

The charitable collections for the Birmingham hospitals amount this year to upwards of £4,094.

The proposal to provide Cheadle with further railway accommodation has failed for the present.

A horse was stolen from the stable of Mr. Boddington, Livery-street, Birmingham, on Saturday.

A banquet is to be shortly given by the Conservatives of Cheltenham to Mr. A. Gardner, their candidate at the last election.

It is proposed to enlarge the South Staffordshire Hospital by adding an accident ward and a detached building for out-patients.

Mr. John Hardy, M.P., distributed the prizes to the Leamington Volunteer Rifle Corps on Thursday evening at a dinner at the Pump Room.

A charge of drunkenness preferred against a Birmingham commercial traveller named Spreadborough before the Stourbridge bench on Friday, was dismissed.

The Right Hon. W. F. Cowper (successor to Lady Palmerston) has added the surname of "Cowper" to that of "Temple," the ancestral name of the late Lord Palmerston.

A fire which was discovered on Thursday evening on the premises of Dr. Raymond, Belbroughton, was happily extinguished after a small amount of damage had been done.

The Prince and Princess of Teck arrived at Weston Park, Staffordshire, on Monday week, and have been the guests of the Earl of Bradford, who has entertained a large party.

Bilston parish church has been renovated. The pulpit, prayer desk, and temporary choir seats have disappeared, and the new steps and floors are laid, as well as the base of the new pulpit.

The result of a contest at Aston Cross Grounds on Saturday, between Palmer and Forder, is that Palmer becomes the champion of Midland velocipedists and the winner of £25. Palmer did the mile in 4 min. 47 sec.

Ripe strawberries have been recently gathered in a garden at Sparkbrook, Warwickshire. At Weston-super-Mare the editor of a local paper acknowledges the receipt of a bouquet of spring flowers, grown in the open air.

On Monday, Mr. F. W. Ruston, of Chatteris, Cambs., experienced a severe loss on his farm in Block Fen. He had some fat sheep feeding off mangold wurtzel tops, and nineteen of them died from repletion. The loss is estimated at £60.

The Court Leet of the Right Hon. the Earl of Bradford took place at the George Hotel, Walsall, on Thursday. The officers of the Court were appointed, and the annual dinner was held under the presidency of the steward, Mr. J. Potter,

A preliminary meeting connected with the proposed high-level railway between Dudley, Oldbury, and Birmingham, was held at Dudley on Monday. It was resolved "that it is desirable to have a high-level railway as near the centre of Dudley as practicable."

At the Dudley Police Court, on Friday, Mr. King, landlord of the Saltwells House, preferred a charge against a young man named James Williams, aged 18, of indecent assault upon a girl only five years of age. The prisoner was sentenced to three months' hard labour.

We are informed that during last week the parents of Elizabeth Wright, who was killed in the late railway collision near Nottingham, have received rather unexpectedly the sum of £80 from the Midland Railway Company as compensation sustained in the loss of their daughter.—*Leicester Mercury.*

The foot-and-mouth disease is raging in Worcestershire and in the neighbourhood of Burton-on-Trent. A cure for the disease is said to be oak bark boiled in water, with a handful of blue vitriol to every two quarts. The affected foot should be bathed three times a day, and the animal kept as clean as possible on straw.

Mr. Mursell, timber dealer, and Peter Watts, labourer, both of Gloucester, were killed on Friday on Birdlip Hill, between Birdlip and Gloucester. They were carting wood; the horse ran away down the hill, and the wheels passed over Watts, who had fallen. Murrell, who was in the wagon, was thrown under some timber, and instantly killed.

Guy Fawkes' Day was celebrated very quietly in London. The Queen of Spain and Father Claret were the principal "Guys." In Birmingham and the neighbourhood there were several casualties from the incautious use of firearms and fireworks, and the medical staffs at the hospitals were busily employed during the evening in attending to the sufferers. Two Walsall youths were badly burned by gunpowder the same day.

Last week we reported a case of sacrilege at the Chapel of St. John the Evangelist, Kirkby-Woodhouse. Since then Richard Wardle, *alias* Richard Boot, coal miner, has been apprehended and charged with the offence. A witness saw the prisoner near the chapel on the night of the robbery, and a "Churchman's Almanack" was found and identified at the prisoner's lodgings. He was committed for trial.

Mrs. Westwood, who was burnt at the fire at Messrs. Evans and Sons', Wolverhampton, on Monday week, died at the South Staffordshire Hospital on Tuesday, making in all four deaths. Maria Farren is still in a very critical condition, but the girl Williams is going on favourably, and so is Emma Blakemore. The other injured person, Mary Jeffries, has so far recovered that she has been removed home. The disaster is illustrated and described in our Supplement.

It is rather singular (says the *Birmingham Gazette*) that while the present porter at the Walsall Workhouse, who is nearly related to a certain noble lord, was a few years ago a member of the Town Council, and had his town and country residence, one of the candidates for the office of Mayor was a few years ago porter at the workhouse. It is also rather noteworthy that one of the persons sent to prison by the Recorder at the Quarter Sessions was at one time in a good position, and so recently as the 1st of January, 1867, had nearly £1,000 to his credit in the bank.

At the Longton Police Court, on Wednesday, Joseph Corbett, labourer, was charged with neglecting to send two children, who were half-timers, to school, as required by the Factory Act. The defence was that the children had been sent to school, but played truant. The defendant was fined 5s. and costs.

Fanny Frances Maria Oliver, capitally convicted at the Summer Assizes of the murder of her husband, at Dudley, was removed by order of the Secretary of State from the Worcester prison to Millbank prison on Monday last, to undergo her commuted sentence of penal servitude for life.—*Worcestershire Chronicle.*

For many years the need of a church for The Coppice District, Sedgley, has been discussed, and Mr. H. B. Whitehouse, of Priorfield Furnaces, has just given half an acre of land at Hurst Hill, to erect one on. According to the plan of the proposed edifice, £1,500 will be required to complete it, and towards the erection Mr. Whitehouse will also give £50. It will be called St. Mary's.

The Mordaunt divorce case, which stands No. 19, in the list of cases for trial by Special Juries, before the Judge Ordinary, the Right Hon. Lord Penzance, has been postponed till Hilary Term (January next), on the ground that the number of other cases standing for hearing, and which, therefore, have priority of nomination, will not permit of sufficient time during the present term.—*Birmingham Daily Post.*

"H. H.," writing from Bewdley to the *Birmingham Daily Post*, asks the editor to inform him "how to maintain a family on 8s. per week? There are eight of us in family, and our rent is 8s. 4d. per month. I have been in receipt of 10s. per week, but it is now 8s.—that or nothing. I have heard of the bone and sinew of the State, but I suppose we half-bovine, half-humans are the lath and plaster. By Jove! sir, we could supply out of our class some telling photographs for THE ILLUSTRATED MIDLAND NEWS."

A public meeting was held on Wednesday, at Pershore, for the purpose of raising funds to erect a memorial to the late Captain Davies. Lord Coventry presided. It was decided to leave the selection of the form which the memorial should take to a majority of the committee, but it was stated by one of the speakers that two schemes had been discussed, viz., one for the erection of a clock tower, with an illuminated clock, in the centre of the town; and the other, the establishing of a cottage hospital for the benefit of the poor in the neighbourhood. About £55 was subscribed.

On Tuesday, at the Bilston Police-court, Mr. John Morris, cattle dealer, of Newbridge, Tettenhall, was charged under the Contagious Diseases (Animals) Act, with having on Monday, the 18th of October, caused to be driven on the highway between Newbridge, in the parish of Tettenhall, and Wallbrook, in the parish of Sedgley, a cow affected with a contagious disease, to wit, the foot and mouth disease.—The information was laid by Chief-Superintendent McCrea; and Mr. Thurstans, of Wolverhampton, appeared on behalf of the defendant, who was fined £5 and costs.

Birmingham and the Midlands were visited with a heavy snowstorm on Wednesday. Snow began to fall between three and four o'clock in the afternoon, and darkness came on almost instantaneously, causing the shopkeepers and others to light up at that early hour. This sudden darkness lasted only a few minutes; but the phenomenon was almost unexampled. Snow continued to fall until the evening, when a sharp frost set in, and by Thursday morning the roads were as hard as though there had been no rainfall for a month. The pools were covered with a thick coat of ice, and there is every appearance of an early, sharp winter.

The shocking accident at Belper has been followed by another fatality, on Tuesday night, to a porter named Charles Moreton, who has been employed for some time at the Nuneaton Station of the Midland Railway. The deceased was assisting to shunt a goods train, and while standing on one of the buffers of the trucks, for the purpose of uncoupling them, his foot slipped, and he fell to the ground. His body was severely crushed, and the wheels of the wagons passed over his legs. The unfortunate man was removed by train to the infirmary at Leicester, where everything that medical skill could suggest was done, but all efforts to save his life were fruitless, and he expired shortly afterwards. He leaves a wife and four young children.

The *Midland Counties Express* reports a somewhat serious collision near Chirk station on the Great Western Railway, about four o'clock on Wednesday morning last week. A special coal train was leaving the Black Park Colliery Junction and had entered upon the main line, when the fast goods train from Shrewsbury ran into the coal train, smashing to atoms several of the coal wagons, and knocking the other engine off the line. Both engines were seriously damaged. One of the drivers and his stoker were scalded. The engine driver, who was also very badly scalded, was taken to the Shrewsbury Infirmary. The line was blocked for several hours, and the damage done is very considerable. It is stated that there was great fault with the persons in charge of the signals, and a searching enquiry will be made into the cause of the accident. Both driver and stoker who were injured belong to Wolverhampton.

The illegality of all lotteries has been shown over and over again; but, despite this, a Handsworth publican sought on Saturday to obtain the permission of the local Bench to hold a "grand annual Christmas distribution!" He sent the following letter to the Police Superintendent:—"Having been solicited by my numerous friends, neighbours, and customers to have a ballot at Christmas, on the same system as the 'Art Union,' I shall be glad if you will inform me if I may be allowed to do so. I desire to avoid all risks, and to do nothing in opposition to the authorities. An answer will much oblige yours, A. BOWEN." The bill for 1868 was shown to the Bench, and began as follows:—"The Handsworth Grand Annual Christmas Distribution, 1868. 201 prizes, consisting of four prizes of £5 5s. each, four of £2 10s., twenty fat geese, ten fat turkeys, bottles of brandy, rum, gin, and port. 2,000 subscribers at 1s. each."—Mr. Hebbert (Magistrates' Clerk) said that anyone holding such a lottery rendered himself liable to three months' imprisonment, with hard labour.

At the meeting of the Wolverhampton Board of Guardians, on Friday, Mr. Cullwick said scarlet fever was prevailing at Wednesfield, and a case had been before them that day in which all the members of the household except one had been affected. He also understood that scarlatina was prevalent; and he mentioned the matter in the hope that the Local Boards of Health would consider the matter, and endeavour to prevent the spread of the disease. (In the case referred to by Mr. Cullwick two children have died, and the mother and the other children are now ill.) No discussion appears to have taken place.

The following gentlemen are candidates for the head mastership of Rugby in succession to Dr. Temple:—Revds. Herbert Snow, assistant master at Eton; Henry Highton, of Cheltenham College; and Arthur Faber, head master of Malvern College; Mr. Theodore Walrond, late assistant master at Rugby; the Revds. Edwin Abbott, head master of the City of London School; John Percival, head master of Clifton College; Henry John Wickham, assistant master at Winchester College; Albert Wratislaw, head master of Bury St. Edmonds; Mr. Hayman, master of Bradfield School; and Mr. W. Waite, assistant master at Eton.

The daily papers report the annual dinner on Friday of the Albert and Standard Orange Lodges at Birmingham. With the toast of "Our Protestant Clergy," was coupled the name of Bro. Dr. Owen, who expressed his surprise that the clergymen of Birmingham had not raised their voices in favour of Orangeism, and scarcely in defence of Protestantism. He referred to the "extending influence of Jesuitism, especially as connected with the press, there being scarcely a paper without one or more on its staff." [For ourselves, we are ready to give our *parole d'honneur* that there are no Jesuits on THE ILLUSTRATED MIDLAND NEWS. Should we discover any, we shall publish their portraits without loss of time!—ED. *I. M. N.*]

A shocking suicide is reported from Wednesbury. The self-murderer was Emma Ordidge, 23 years old. Eighteen months ago she married a young man, who is not yet twenty-one, but he made no effort to maintain her, or to provide a house for them to live in, he residing with his parents. This, and a greater prospective trouble, had made the deceased wretched for some weeks. On Friday she fetched a twopenny packet of vermin powder from Mr. Morris, druggist, signed for it, and was so bent upon destruction that she forced herself to take it dry. Two surgeons, Messrs. Iliffe and Collins, were in attendance, and administered emetics and used the stomach pump, but failed to give her relief. She died in about an hour, conscious almost to the last. She was at the Golden Cross beerhouse, Market-place, when she took the poison.

The *Yorkshire Post* gives some particulars of the Prince of Wales' visit to Lord Londesborough at Scarborough. On Wednesday evening, his Royal Highness, with a very distinguished party, visited Messrs. Henri and Adams's circus, when the house was crowded in every part by a most respectable audience, who gave the Prince a very enthusiastic reception. The nobility and gentry who accompanied his Royal Highness were Lord and Lady Londesborough, the Duke and Duchess of Beaufort, the Duke and Duchess of St. Albans, the Earl of Chesterfield, Lord and Lady Aveland, Lord Huntingfield, Mr. J. L. Baldwin, Captain Ellis, and Mr. Christopher Sykes, M.P. The performances were of a more than orninarily interesting character, and were frequently applauded, the Prince being one of the most enthusiastic in his expressions of approbation.

The case of Sir Robert Peel *v.* Hill was concluded in the Court of Common Pleas on Saturday. The plaintiff was Sir Robert Peel, and the defendant was the chairman of the Tamworth Gas Company. Some time ago the Company constructed some works, and an agreement was entered into by which they were permitted to exercise certain rights over some adjoining lands. The action was to recover damages upon the grounds that the Company had not carried out the agreement in these respects. The trial took place before Mr. Baron Cleasby, at Warwick, when the verdict was for the defendant. Mr. D. Seymour, Q.C., now moved for a rule for a new trial, and submitted that the learned Baron had misdirected the Jury upon several parts of the agreement, and that the verdict was against the weight of evidence. The Court refused the rule.

The District Iron and Steel Company were on Saturday charged at the West Bromwich Police-court with employing three young persons, named Foley Franklin, Henry Woodall, and Jno. Edward Beasley, without having obtained a surgical certificate, as required by the Act of Parliament, within thirteen days after they were employed. Mr. Hawkins, on behalf of the firm, said latterly they had been so plagued by irregularity of attendance, that they had had a great difficulty to recognise their own people. In this instance the lads had been registered in the usual way, but by some unfortunate oversight they had not been called when the doctor had been there, or they had been on night turns. The firm were exceedingly sorry that the offences had been committed, and he hoped they would deal as leniently as they could. In future they would pay more attention. The defendants were fined the lowest penalty, £1 and costs in each case.

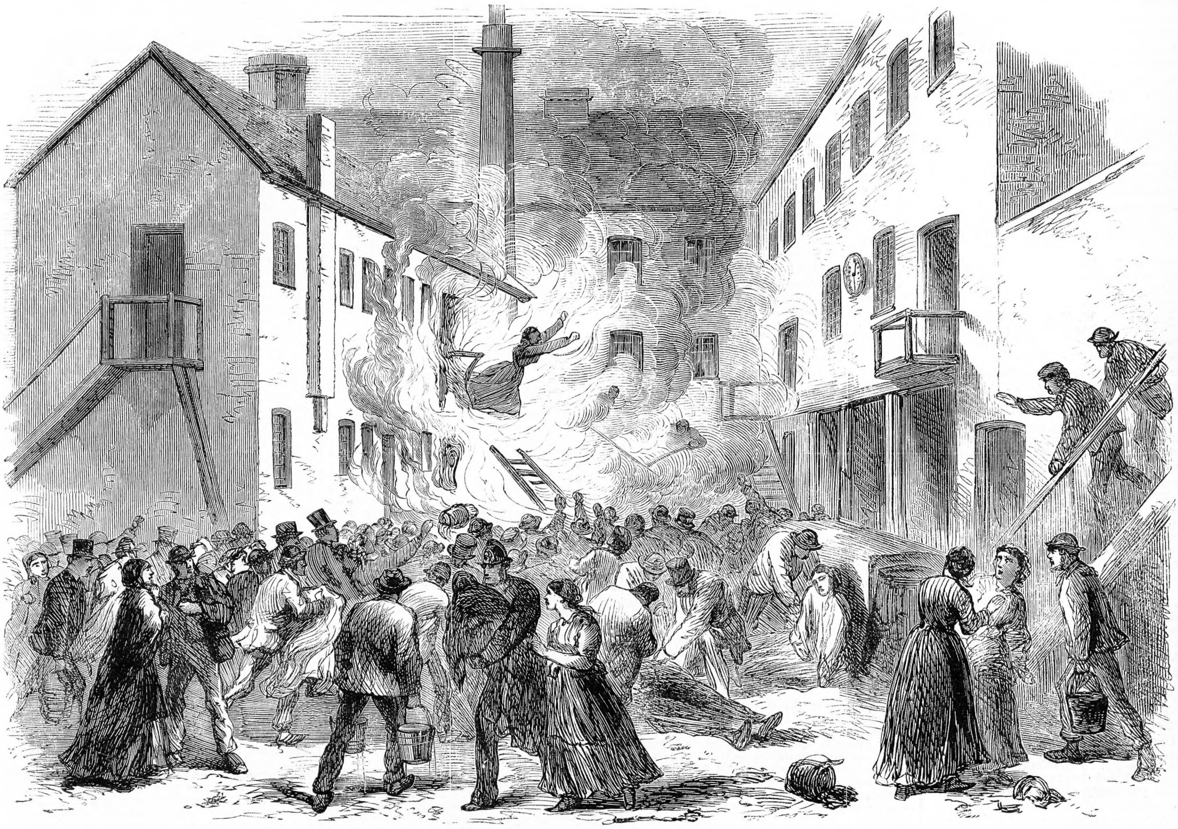
At the last Louth sessions, the Rev. G. H. Pratt, vicar of St. Swithin's, Lincoln, and formerly curate of Louth, made an appeal against an order in bastardy made by the Louth borough magistrates. The case caused great excitement. Mr. Digby Seymour, Q.C. (especially retained), and Mr. Horace Smith appeared for the appellant; and Messrs. Mellor and Lumbley for the respondent, Miss Cole. After hearing the evidence, Mr. Digby Seymour addressed the court for the appellant, when the inquiry was adjourned till Thursday, and several other witnesses having been examined, Mr. Seymour appealed to Mr. Mellor whether he would try to have the order affirmed.—Mr. Mellor admitted that the evidence on the other side was too strong for him, and would not press the respondent's case. Mr. Mellor said nothing so much became a certain actor as the mode in which he made his exit.—The case was then withdrawn, and the appeal allowed; thus the decision of the borough magistrates was reversed, and Mr. Pratt exonerated from the order.

The *London Gazette* announces the appointment of the Rev. Charles Kingsley to the vacant canonry at Chester.

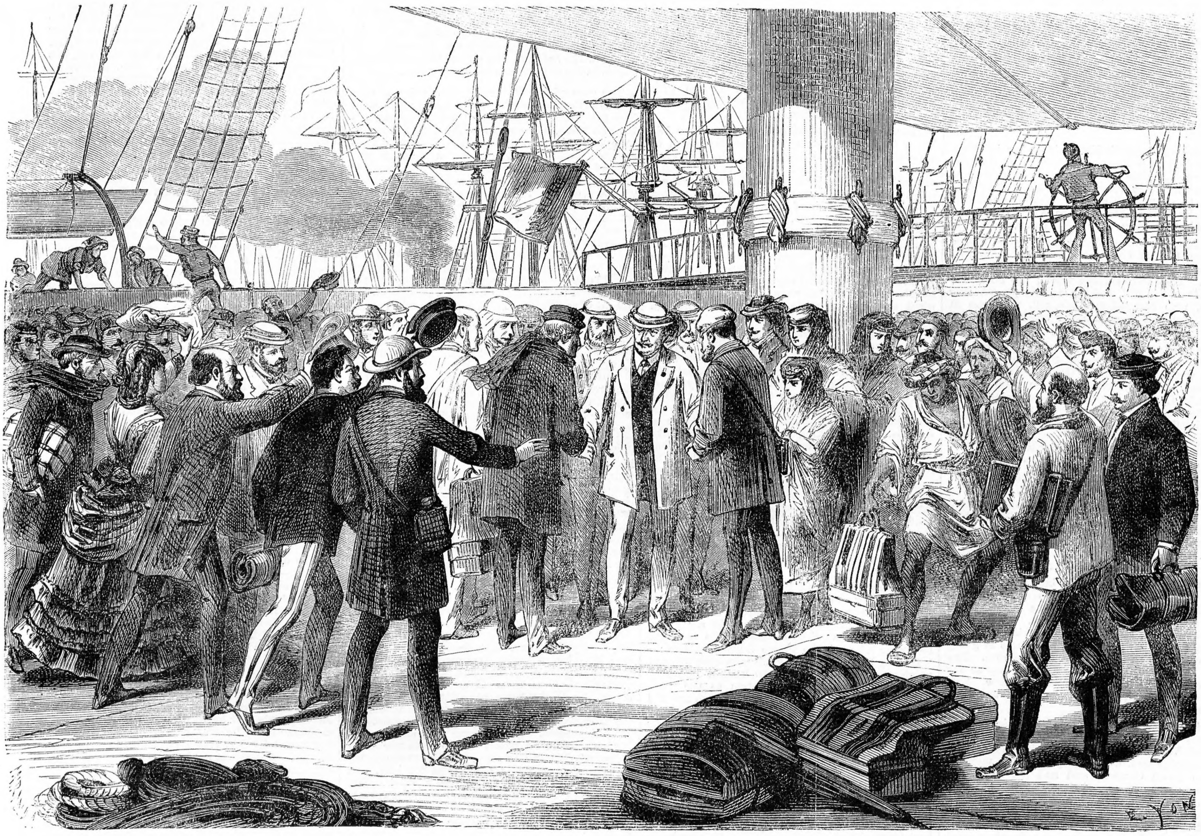
The *Bristol Post* reports the celebrations of the fifth anniversary of St. Augustine's College Home, and the second anniversary of the iron church connected with it during the past week. There were services on Friday and Saturday; and after an early celebration, there were two full services, morning and evening. Both occasions were marked by those ritualistic observances which the Anglican Benedictines were amongst the first to inaugurate in Bristol, and in which they are now being industriously followed by the ministers and worshippers at some other churches. There were only two lighted candles on the altar at morning prayer; but there were many others in the chancel, in which also hung some light sacramental lamps. There were processions to and from the altar, which were commenced by thurifers and acolytes attired in scarlet cassocks and capes, with surplices, and bearing incense and lighted candles and a handsome brass processional cross with crucifix. Other choristers, wearing black cassocks with surplices and birettas, followed, and amongst them were carried several banners with effigies of St. Augustine, the Saviour bearing a lamb, the Virgin Mary crowned as the Queen of Heaven, &c. Two of the banners were really of a splendid character, the figures being worked with a needle on a ground of a cloth of gold in a style of great delicacy and perfection. The Prior, Brother Cyprian (Mr. Dundas), brought up the rear. He wore over his cassock and surplice a cope quite gorgeous for its embroidery, and was attended by two acolytes habited as before described. The sermon in the evening was preached by the Prior, and had reference to the festival of All Saints which was being celebrated on that day throughout Christendom, and the octave of which was fast drawing to a close.

A shocking case of wife-murder and suicide comes from Belper, Derbyshire. A stonecutter, named William Hitchcock, aged 47, went from the village of Farnah-green to Belper, where he entered a public-house and asked for drink, which was refused on the ground of his notoriously bad character. He came out cursing and swearing, and in the evening crossed the bridge with his wife to a path through the meadows which leads to Farnah-green. There he attacked his wife, and was seen striking her with an umbrella, and afterwards punching her with his boots. Two women, who were going to the village of Windley, came up and found the woman lying on the ground apparently dead, and her husband standing over her. They told Hitchcock that she was nearly dead, and that he must take her home. He then got her arms over his shoulders and dragged her behind him to their home, a distance of half a mile, one of her toe nails being torn off as she was dragged along. The two Windley women went into the house with them and lighted a candle, when they perceived that Mrs. Hitchcock was covered with blood from head to foot, that her head was crushed in, and one of her eyes destroyed. They laid her on the sofa, but she never spoke. The two women then told the husband they could not remain any longer, that he must stop with his wife, and send for medical assistance. They went away, and as soon as they were gone the husband left his wife, shut the house door, and went to the Bell public-house, Farnah-green, where he stayed drinking till 11 o'clock in the evening. At that late hour the two children arrived home to find their mother lying on the house floor. They put her to bed, and Mr. Johnston, surgeon, of Belper, was fetched, but his services were of no avail. Mrs. Hitchcock died at 5 o'clock on Thursday morning. Superintendent Shawe, of Belper, apprehended Hitchcock on Wednesday afternoon, and he was lodged in the police cell at Belper. On Thursday morning he was told of his wife's death, and shortly afterwards he committed suicide, in the temporary absence of the police officer in charge, by hanging himself with his scarf. The inquest was held on Saturday, at Farnah Green. The evidence was conclusive, and a verdict of "Wilful murder" was returned.

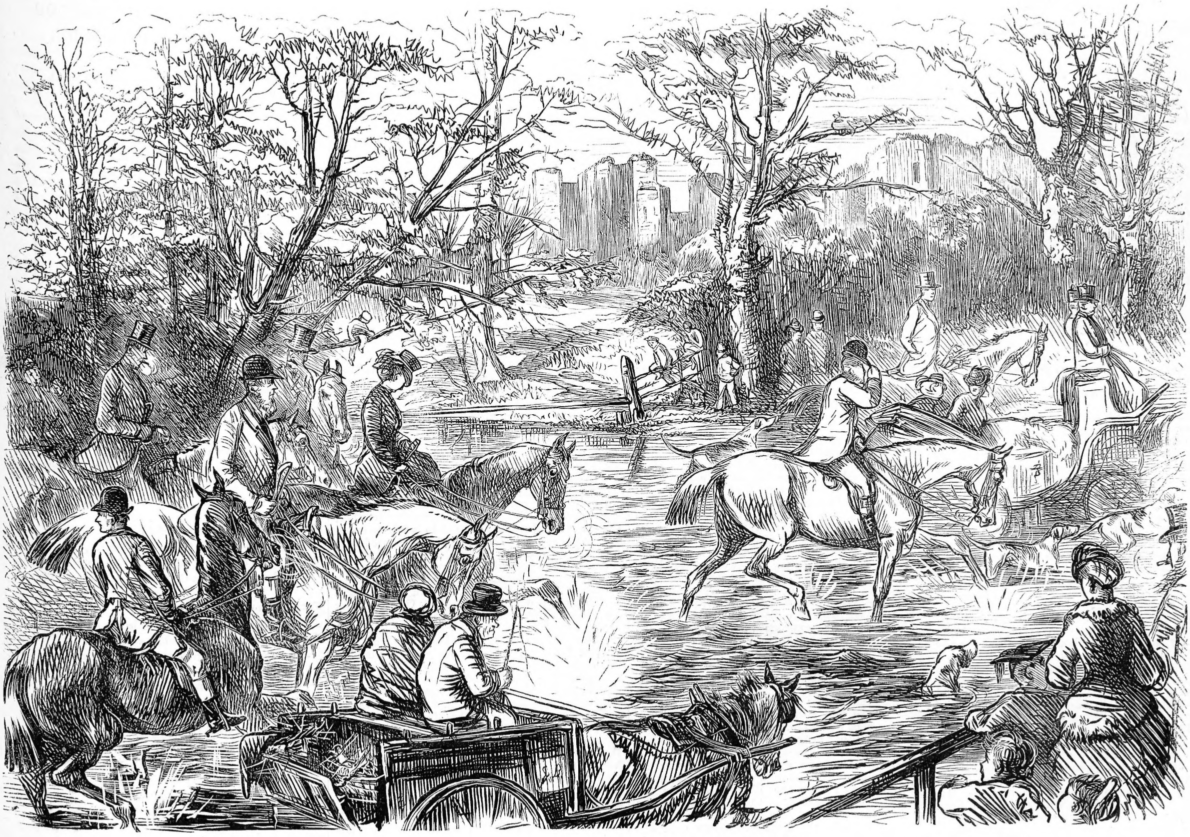
A singular case was before Judge Skinner at the Oldbury County Court last Friday. Messrs. Hicks and Jackson, surgeons, Smethwick, sought to recover £1 1s. from the Rev. David Bernard Davis Whittington, late curate to the Rev. T. G. Simcox, vicar of Trinity Church, Smethwick, for medicine and attendance. Mr. William Jackson said his partner, Mr. Hicks, had attended the defendant, and the £1 1s. they sued for was for attendance and medicine. Defendant, after denying that he owed the money, said: "Mr. Hicks visited me, and, after some conversation, said, 'You look ill. Will you allow me to feel your pulse?' I said, 'I don't feel at all unwell. I have a little biliousness.' He felt my pulse, and said, 'You are feverish.' Will you allow me to send you some medicine?'"—Mr. Jackson: I am sure my partner would never say anything of the kind. I am sorry that he is ill, and unable to appear to-day.—Defendant: Mr. Hicks said a bottle of medicine would do me good; and I said I was not in the habit of taking medicine. "Pray, Mr. Hicks, don't trouble to send anything of the sort." He said, "You had better let me send you a bottle; I won't charge you anything for it." I replied that he was very kind. He sent me a bottle of medicine in the course of the day. He came to me without my asking.—The Judge: Did you take the medicine?—Defendant: No; but I took some pills he sent. I never touched the medicine. About a fortnight afterwards I saw him again, and he said, "How do you do?" I said, "Pretty well."—The Judge: Did he seem to be astonished that you had survived the medicine? (Laughter.)—Defendant: He said, "Have you finished the medicine?" and I said, "No." He then said, "I will send you another bottle; take that." I said, "Pray don't; I don't want these things."—To Mr. Jackson: I should like to know, Mr. Jackson, whether he intended to charge for that medicine when he sent it? Mr. Jackson: I am instructed by Mr. Hicks that he did intend to charge. Defendant read a letter from Mr. Jackson, in which that gentleman stated the intention of himself and partner to take steps to recover the amount of the claim; but his Honour nonsuited the plaintiffs, on the ground that the services were given to the defendant. Defendant made an application for expenses, and his Honour granted 5s., remarking that he had not a high opinion of the defence.



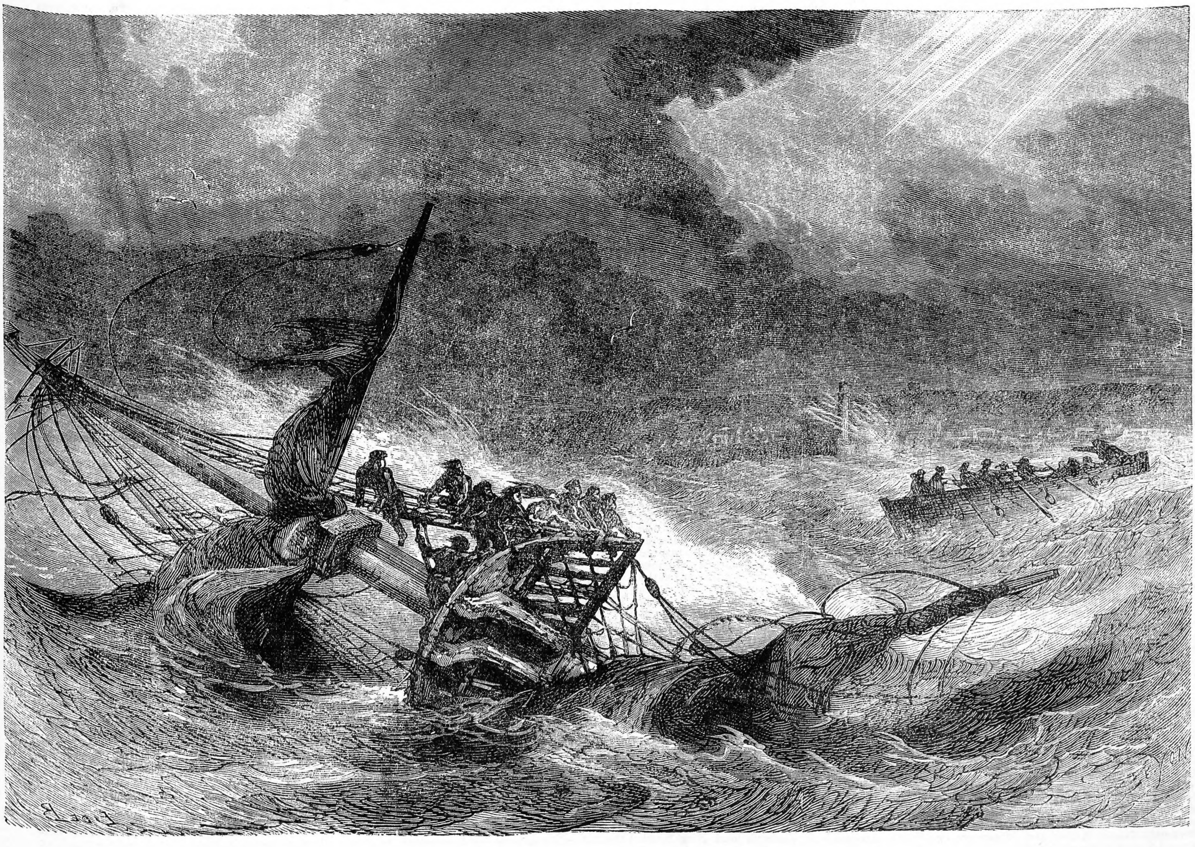
THE LATE FATAL FIRE AT MELBOURNE-STREET, WOLVERHAMPTON. *(See page 184.)*



OPENING OF THE SUEZ CANAL.—RECEPTION OF THE GUESTS BY M. DE LESSEPS. *(See page 169.)*



OPENING OF THE HUNTING SEASON.—MEET OF THE NORTH WARWICKSHIRE HOUNDS AT KENILWORTH. *(See page 176.)*



WRECK OF THE "JOSEPHINE" OFF BOULOGNE. *(See page 169.)*

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

THERE are now 119 packs of fox-hounds in England, 20 in Ireland, and 8 in Scotland. The last mentioned country has not a single pack of staghounds, but there are 7 in England and 1 in Ireland. Sir Clifford Constable's staghounds are given up, and the Duc D'Aumale has taken the late Mr. Heathcote's. The Burton now hunt six days a week, while the Heythrop advertise five, and the former has 85 couple of hounds in kennel. West Wilts is a newly-formed country, and so is the Diss country, where Sir Edward Kerrison now keeps foxhounds as well as staghounds. Herefordshire has been divided into two; while the three Lothians are united, and the old Linlithgowshire country taken in. About forty masters hunt their own hounds, of whom half a dozen have only begun this year; and, since the last list was published, only two huntsmen, Nason and Orveys, have died. The season has already brought its troubles, as a huntsman has had a severe fall while cubhunting, and a fox and three hounds have been poisoned in Essex.

Kingsbury, Worcester, and Lincoln, were the racing fixtures of last week, but the sport was only moderate, and had no influence on the future events. Harvester won the Suburban Cup at the first-named place—a sad come-down for a scion of Stockwell and Greta, and a favourite for last year's Derby, to be reduced to £40 plates "over five flights of hurdles." Ada Penelope showed in her old form at Worcester, and has evidently not forgotten how to jump, while the heavy fine imposed on Mr. Weyman will be a wholesome check to owners, and make them more careful in taking down a horse's number without a fair excuse. The running of Enfield at Lincoln, if reliable, makes Camel the best of his year; as Mr. Payne's horse, in receipt of only 12 lbs. and 7 lbs. from Barrier and White Slave respectively, beat them in a canter, while at Doncaster he had no chance with Camel at about 30 lbs. A mile and a half seems too far for Cardinal York, and he failed hopelessly in attempting to give Adelaide 23 lbs., so Mr. Payne won two races in succession with Lord Glasgow's "legacy" horses. Romping Girl, after a long rest, made her re-appearance in a Queen's Plate, but only to be caught and beaten in the last few strides by Compromise, a half-sister to Sir Oliver.

Last week, the Sires left by the late Lord Glasgow to General Peel and Mr. Payne were let by auction. Only ten of the seventeen were knocked down, and they averaged 277 guineas. Lord Norreys hired Knowsley, the highest priced one, for 820 guineas. It is said that his lordship is forming a stud, and it is probable that many of Colonel Towneley's and Mr. Eastwood's mares will go to Knowsley, as Kettledrum, after four years' trial, has turned out a comparative failure. General Peel was leased to Mr. Gulliver at 600 guineas, a very heavy price when one considers his huge "coachy" frame, and the want of heart he displayed in several of his races, especially in the Ascot Cup of '65. Brother to Strafford, the sire of Enfield, made 400 guineas, and Mr. Chaplin took Rapid Rhone, third to Macaroni and Lord Clifden in the Derby, and who turned the tables so decisively on the latter the following year in the Claret Stakes, for 300 guineas, and he will stand at Blankney, for the benefit of the Lincolnshire farmers. Among the seven sires un-let were Strafford, The Drake, and Toxophilite. The first named has bad hocks, and the Drake is decidedly coarse, though he has got some good hunting stock in Yorkshire. Toxophilite is a terrible failure, and it is probable that two or more of the seven will be shot, as they do not seem likely to pay for their corn, and, by the terms of Lord Glasgow's will, they may not be sold or given away.

At Sundorne, hares were very scarce, or badly driven, in the park on the first day; but excellent sport was afforded at Upton Magna on the second. Mr. Randell's Royal Bride won the Sundorne Cup, over the same ground on which his Riot and Reveller have previously distinguished themselves. Ask Mamma and Marionette showed up very badly in this stake. Lord Binning's Bright Eyes, one of the now celebrated Cauld Kail—Bergamot divided the Haughmond Abbey Stakes with Mr. Deighton's The Drummer, and Mr. Trevor's dog The Bagman, who is a great favourite with many for the Waterloo Cup, and ran in fine style, divided the Uffington Stakes with Mr. Quihampton's Quadrille. Sandridge, the divider of the Scottish National St. Leger and the Dirleton St. Leger, was chopped down, without having a chance of putting in any work, in a short course at the Jedburgh Open Meeting; and Ranger, another of the Cauld Kail's, won the Hesleyside Cup at the Bellingham Club Meeting.

An important boat race has probably never been won more easily than that between the Thames and Tyne, for, from the very start, the south countrymen were never "in it." They are, no doubt, collectively inferior to the northerners, but their weak point was the coxswain and the bowside. It is not to be wondered that a child of nine should make a mess of the steering, or that a raw and unfurnished lad, like Messenger, should tire in a long race, but it is surprising that such a veteran (in point of races) as Sadler should be a mere "passenger" for the last two miles. George Hammerton and Kelley rowed grandly, but they could not contend against such disadvantages; however, should the proposed pair-oared race take place, we fancy they will give Renforth and Taylor all their work to do. The return match, which comes off on the Tyne, on the 18th of this month, is a foregone conclusion for the north, though Kelley and Messenger, or Kelley and Sadler, will probably change places, to try to equalise the power in the boat.

A FEW WORDS ON GOLD.

PART III.

So much for the past. Now for the future. Here the real difficulty lies; and when at the close of twenty years, when our stock of gold has been increased forty or fifty per cent., men of the highest authority are still in doubt whether the new gold has had anything more than an infinitesimal influence on the value of our currency, we may well ask ourselves whether any fresh additions that are likely to be made in our day will accomplish M. Chevalier's prediction, or whether we must postpone the luxury of paying off the National Debt at a discount of fifty per cent. till

> "Far on in summers that we shall not see."

What are our prospects? What are the probabilities of a future supply of gold? and what are our unexhausted powers of absorption?

To say that in the natural state of things gold ought to be "dirt cheap" may perhaps at the first blush look like a bit of a paradox. But in point of fact there is more philosophy and truth than is generally supposed in the sublime sneer of the Mormon Prophet that the true use of gold is for paving streets and manufacturing dinner services. Its lustre and ductility are its only natural recommendations. It is one of the commonest of metals, and for all purposes except those of currency and personal ornament it is far inferior to copper and iron. It is to be found almost everywhere, if we only knew how to look for it; and if half the enterprise and industry that are devoted to the extraction of coal and iron were devoted to systematically working half the gold rocks that Sir Roderick Murchison could pick out for us to-morrow in a geological map, gold ten years hence would only be used for the manufacture of *articles de Paris*. What at present exalts gold to the rank of a precious metal is the historical superstition that it is one of the choicest products of nature, and that it is only to be found in mysterious and inhospitable regions, like that gloomy desert of Potosi or the wild and pestilential mountain gorges of Australia. If the work of gold discovery goes on for a few years longer this superstition will be like the conscience of a distinguished statesman, only an historical expression. I know no country where gold is not to be found; and I know but few where it is not to be found by men who know how to work and look for it in masses that might have disgusted even Crœsus with his hoards. You may find it with the aid of a "Californian Long Tom" in the valley of the Sacramento and San Paquin, extending over thousands of square miles, in the ancient beds of the streams that in the Pliocene era washed away the rocks of the Australian Alps, and scattered the detritus with its glittering metals over the vast basin of what is now the Murray river. You may find it in the Black Forest, in the Bishopric of Salzburg, in the beds of the Isco and the Rhine. You may find it sprinkling with its yellow sheen thick veins of snowy quartz in the gloomiest deserts of Egypt, in the Sahara, in Russia, in China, in Canada, and the most desolate wilds of Mexico and Peru. It is to be met with in Wales and in Thibet, in Crim Tartary, and Scotland. You may find it in almost every part of Africa, along the banks of the Senegal, in mountains of sand and emery and beds of slate, glistening in "white reefs of auriferous quartz" in the valley of the Zambesi, and scattered, as in Australia and California, in the sandy deserts which to the geologists still mark the water courses of pre-historic times. Look at Russia alone. It is one vast gold field, the largest and probably on the whole the richest in the world. "From the Kamsckatka and the Ouskoi Mountains, the foot of which is washed by the Pacific Ocean, as far as the meridian of Perm, to the west of the Ural, over a distance which embraces the half of a circle, which would be described in making the circuit of the globe on this latitude, the auriferous deposits are distributed in numerous groups and over a large surface, and the zone over which they are spread is of an average width of five hundred and fifty millions of miles." In point of fact where you can find nothing else, where life is a burthen, where even vegetation ceases, you may reckon upon finding gold; and there is at once irony and truth in that magnificent touch of Milton's, where the fallen angels

> "Rifle the bowels of their mother earth
> For treasures better hid"—

and "dig out ribs of gold" to build a Council Hall in Pandemonium. I came across a striking illustration of this fact a few days ago in looking through a Yankee newspaper. A band of explorers, uniting the brass-breasted courage of Greek heroes with the keen cool sense of New York speculators, started a year or eighteen months ago in search of the Golden Fleece, which is to be found in every Ultima Thule, and which they believed was yet to be found in the Russian province of Alaska. They disappeared in space. The chances were a thousand to one against their re-appearance. They were not heard of for months. All enquiries after them were vain. One day a whaler came across the wreck of a schooner in Queen Charlotte's Sound, and the Alaska explorers were given up as lost. The other day they turned up in the office of the American Consul at Vancouver's Island with the Golden Fleece and a map of the country, marked with a fresh garden of Hesperides on the banks of the Tagus. Of course they had discovered the "richest gold field in the world," a field where you may pick up pieces of virgin gold like wild strawberries. And this is the story of gold discovery all the world over. It is haphazard work. A hunter fastens his horse to a tree, and the horse, by pawing the ground, reveals the mineral wealth of the Hartz. A troop of pedlars travelling through the Black Forest, pick up a few bits of lead and silver ore in the tracks of their carts. This led to the establishment of the mines of Saxony. A poor Indian guarding a flock of llamas on a hill side in Upper Peru pulls up a shrub with filaments of silver glittering at its roots, and attracts half the adventurous spirits of Europe to one of the gloomiest deserts on the face of the earth to work the mines of Potosi. A Yankee settler in the valley of the Sacramento tries to widen his mill race by flooding it, and in the experiment discovers the gold fields of California. And the recent discovery of gold in South Africa, New Zealand, and New South Wales is all of a piece. The only exception I know to the rule of gold discovery is in the case of Australia. The gold fields of Australia owe their origin to the geological sagacity of Sir Roderick Murchison. An American gold digger, with more faith in science than the mass of his class, set systematically to work to find gold in the districts of Bathurst and Wellington, and after many disappointments of course found it.

Hitherto, however, with this single exception, there has been no systematic attempt to discover gold. What has been found has been found by accident. But science tells us that gold is to be found everywhere, that it is a metal of universal diffusion, and our experience amply illustrates the fact. It has been found in the Welsh mountains, in the Australian Pyrenees, under the snows of New Brunswick, and on the steppes of the Kirghis. It is not even confined, as Humboldt believed, to mountains standing in a merridonial direction, nor, as Sir Roderick Murchison believed, to the Silurian rocks. All that can be said in favour of these theories of science is that gold has generally been found in richer masses in the Lower Silurian rocks and in mountains of a merridional direction than elsewhere; but if the history of gold discovery so far teaches us anything it is that gold is to be found in regions and in rocks which have not yet been dreamt of as gold-bearing rocks, or gold regions in the philosophy of science. Nor is this all. Hitherto in looking for gold we have been looking only as the savages of Africa look for those Cowrie shells which probably represent the earliest currency of our race. We have been only like children picking up pebbles by the sea shore. The richest deposits of gold that have yet been found have been found in the drift of primœval rivers; and we have done nothing more than wash the sands. We have done nothing more in Australia and California than the ancient gold seekers did in the beds of the Pactolus and the Po and the Tagus. The rocks have hardly yet been touched. Yet they are richer by far than the sands; and when men set to work to crush the snowy quartz of this newly-discovered gold field of Africa, for example, with anything superior to a geologist's hammer, and to wash the sands of the Sacramento and the Murray with anything superior to "a Californian Long Tom," the charm by which the gold of Ophir has for forty centuries maintained a fictitious ascendancy as the sovereign of metals will be broken, and the age of gold currencies will be at an end.

This, however, will not be yet. Reckoning upon an annual average supply of thirty-five millions, M. Chevalier ten years ago calculated that Europe and America put together could only take off in the course of the next ten years in the ordinary way of traffic, that is, in the restoration of their currencies, in the substitution of gold for silver, and in arts and manufactures, about half the quantity of gold that must come into our hands, and that consequently at the end of this year we should find ourselves with an awkward balance of about one hundred and seventy millions sterling to depress the value of gold. It is of course impossible to say whether that is the balance of the ten years' produce now upon our hands. The yield has not fallen short of his expectations. France has accomplished the work of converting her currency to the standard of St. Louis, and now finds herself with a balance in hand of forty millions. We ourselves have replenished our currency, added amazingly to our wealth, increased our population, and multiplied infinitely all those petty transactions of daily business which can only be carried on by the use of money; and we find ourselves to-day with a floating bank balance over and above all the money in our bills and purses of twenty millions. Australia has a mint of her own, and still sends us a fleet of gold ships every three or four months. America has gone through a double transformation: she has in the ten years superseded paper by gold, and gold by paper. But if she is to maintain her position among the great commercial nations of the world it is plain that she must sooner or later go back again to a gold currency. In Italy and Austria at present a traveller sees very little but copper and paper; and under our present monetary system gold coins are rarely to be found anywhere in our vast East Indian dependencies, except in the bazaars of Calcutta and Bombay. All, however, that is needed to convert the silver currency of India into gold is an Act of Parliament of half-a-dozen lines, and that will probably be passed next Session. Peace and prosperity will in a few years develope the immense resources of Italy and Austria, and the development of railways in Russia will in the course of the next ten or fifteen years add a fresh province to the empire of commerce. Probably in the course of the next ten or fifteen years a hundred and fifty millions of money may thus be carried off by America, India, and Europe; and if during that period the production of gold does not greatly exceed the production of the past twenty years our gold currency may still be kept at its present standard of value. But a war, a fresh discovery, or even a great mechanical invention, may spoil all our calculations by throwing back Europe in her commercial progress, or by adding to the productions of the mines at present in existence. The work of depreciation has begun; it is perhaps only trifling at present, but it is a work which, once begun, goes on, like population, at a geometrical rate of progression. History is prophetic. But we have one consolation at least in reflecting upon the announcements of fresh gold-fields that follow each other in the *Times* like the ghosts in Macbeth. There is "nothing certain but the unforeseen," and all our anticipations of a fall may, after all, be baulked, as M. Chevalier's were, by the development of a new and flourishing branch of trade. To be forewarned, however, is to be forearmed; and this is peculiarly a case where those who wish to guard against the contingencies of the future will do well to take time by the forelock. A word to the wise is enough.

At the Leek County Court, on Friday, the local Commissioners sued John William Walker, a hair-dresser, for £3 6s., for the use of their fire-engine and brigade at a fire which occurred some time ago at defendant's shop. The facts were admitted; but Mr. Welch (for the defendant) contended that the Commissioners were not empowered under their local Act to charge for the use of their engine at a fire within the limits of the Act.—His Honour decided against the plaintiffs, but granted a case on the law points submitted for the plaintiffs.

A TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE EARL OF DERBY.

A stealthy hand oft fells a stately tree
In Life's great forest fraught with Nature's breath;
Or blast uproots it, and the world doth see
Her great ones prostrate at the throne of Death!

That might-clad King who wields in realms below,
O'er all the tribes to which the world gives birth,
The power to strike the life-destroying blow
That drives the spirit from the face of earth!

His hand he lifts, and lo! the great and small
Lie slain around us, as by some fell knife.
For tribute! voice of his doth loudly call,
And lo! he takes it from the tides of life!

His poisoned arrows pierce the viewless air
To stop the ruby floods of life; and when
They quit exhaustless quiver near him there,
His footsteps fall upon the bones of men!

And now he opes another gaping grave,
Again his booming knell the nation hears.
Thrown open wide the portals of his cave
Admit another chieftain crowned with years!

In whom falls down a pillar of the State—
Wrenched from the fabric by the grim King's might!
Now nevermore the "Rupert of debate"
Joins in the verbal fray, the bloodless fight.

Nor, as on fiery charger in the field
Of politics, unsheaths that sword of words,
'Neath whose fierce blows the sturdy foe oft reeled—
Though valour's might that foe's great heart engirds.

For now the mighty conqueror of all
The world's great conquerors, by breath or blade,
Throws o'er his corse the shadow-woven pall:
And now to rest the great word-warrior's laid.

Now Nature takes the robes she wove agaln,
By Time unravelled, and the battle's strife;
Or torn to shreds by those fierec pangs of pain,
Whose grip destroys the wonder-web of life.

In history the statesman's name will shine,
And, now the weary life-campaign is o'er,
Its ample folds for ever will enshrine
The fame of him Earth now beholds no more:

Whose hand could seize the fierce Homeric fire,
And throw it glowing into language ours—
Bright as it left the Spirit of the Lyre,
That charms the ages with immortal powers.

And now he's borne to yon sepulchral home,
Which light e'er shrinks from, and where shadows dwell.
With tributes laden friends and foes forthcome,
And fondly give the long, the last farewell!

J. C. S.

THE DERBYSHIRE HUSBAND-POISONING CASE.

The alleged attempt of Martha Calladine, of Heanor, Derbyshire, to poison her husband, has been reported in this journal. On Friday she was charged at the County Hall, Derby, with administering strychnine to the deceased with intent to kill him, William Peter Adshead said he was a manufacturing chemist, and resided at Belper. The paper produced by P.C. Kirkland contained an article manufactured by him, called "Adshead's Infallible Vermin and Insect Killer." It was extensively supplied by him to retail dealers, its object being the destruction of vermin. It contained a poison which he objected to name, as he was of opinion that to do so would affect him injuriously in his trade. He supplied Messrs. Kiddy and Ashton, druggists, Belper, with it, and he believed they supplied other small dealers with it.—Kirkland said he obtained the packet of vermin destroyer produced from Mr. Simpson, druggist, Heanor, that morning. He also produced another packet of vermin destroyer, which he obtained from Mr. Chapman, druggist, of Heanor. It was the first-named packet that Mr. Adshead had alluded to.—This closed the evidence. In answer to the charge, prisoner, after being cautioned in the usual manner, had nothing to say. She was committed for trial at the Derby assizes. She did not appear to be at all moved.

METHOD OF GIVING DURABILITY TO CORDAGE.—A dressing adopted in France for the preservation of the cords of the Jacquard loom may be found useful for nets and other things composed of hemp or other fibre. It is simple and inexpensive. The cords of the Jacquard loom are frequently broken by friction against each other, and the work necessarily suspended: this is almost entirely avoided by the use of the dressing in question. For a loom with 5,000 cords, a mixture, composed of about twelve ounces of linseed oil and the whites of three eggs, is employed. The mixture is well stirred, and allowed to boil for half-an-hour. Woollen rags are then steeped in the solution, and with these every portion of the harness is carefully rubbed. When this operation has been repeated several times the cords become extremely durable. It is advisable in the case of new harness to apply the mixture before the leads are attached to the cords.

It is said that in stakes alone, and exclusive of bets and breeding, the late Earl of Derby made £32,000 net profit on the turf. There is generally some drawback to great luck, and we hear that Lord Falmouth's Queen Bertha, and her dam Flax are both supposed to be barren this year. The latter mare is quite wasted with sciatica.

NOTES ON THE JOURNALS.

This is a country of surprises so far as the weather is concerned. It was only last week that we awoke one morning to find ourselves in the midst of winter; yet in the space of a few days we read that strawberries had been picked in Warwickshire, and a bouquet of spring flowers—primroses, violets, cowslips, polyanthuses, and daisies—gathered near Weston-super-Mare, and sent to decorate the table of the editor of one of the Weston papers! Since then we have had a gale of wind blowing, and there will come, it is to be feared, another dismal tale of wrecks and disasters on our coast. A writer in this paper has been advocating the appointment of a Weather Lawyer. Let us have one immediately—the Government would surely not mind the expense—and let part of his duties be to tell us a week a-head what weather we are likely to have. At present we live in a state of by no means blissful uncertainty—those of us, that is, that are not weatherwise.

By general consent we are all turning our attention Romewards; for very soon the Œcumenical Council will be assembled in the Eternal City, and the world will be waiting the issue. How long the Pontiffs have retained their temporal power! Ever since the seventh century have the possessors of St. Peter's chair claimed and received the allegiance of Roman Catholics, princes, peers, and laics. "In this century we first find the Pope established as a temporal sovereign amongst the monarchs of Europe. Not content with receiving the Lombard possessions as a gift from Pepin (whose right to bestow them might be questioned), the popes pretended it was a restoration, and produced a forged deed, perporting to be a grant made by Constantine to the pontiffs of the sovereignty of Italy. The reverence with which Charlemagne approached the Pope, and, after a show of election by the Roman people, received the imperial crown from his hands, contributed to raise men's opinion of the Pope's dignity." Twelve centuries have rolled away since then, and we find the Pope still regarded as the Spiritual Head of the Catholic Church by millions of people, whose ability to judge between right and wrong we cannot question.. At the Pope's command, the Faithful are preparing to go, many have even gone, to Rome, there to take part in this remarkable synodical gathering, one of the most important in the annals of the Roman Church.

One by one our cherished institutions are falling into desuetude. The anniversary of the Queen's Coronation, once a great day in the southern counties, is now "kept" with only a tithe of its former splendour; "Oak-Apple Day," which we remember to have been celebrated by the ringing of church bells, the wearing of gilded oak-apples, and other manifestations of rejoicing at the King's restoration to the monarchy (at one town at least in Hampshire they used to drag a huge oak-bough to the tower of the church, where it waved its leaves triumphantly all day, a warning to all seditionists); the distinctive characteristics of Whitsuntide have disappeared; Easter, which the Church orders us to keep rejoicingly, is almost monopolised by the Crystal Palace Company; the glories of "Goose Day"—where are they? While, as for any real, earnest celebration of the Fifth of November, gunpowder might never have been invented, and Guido Fawkes never the famous conspirator we have come to regard him. Time was when Guy Fawkes day was one of the greatest festivals of the year in country as well as in town; time is, when, with the exception of the discharge of a few half-penny squibs and crackers, varied by the ignition of a blue-light, the ascent of a rocket, and the descent of its stick, there is nothing left to remind us of the escape of the Parliament. It is worth noting that, until recently, our spiritual pastors and masters in the Protestant Church went out of their way to inculcate upon their flocks the importance of that gunpowder plot celebration. "God grant," says Bishop Sanderson, "that we nor ours ever live to see November the fifth forgotten, or the solemnity of it silenced." We should stare if we heard such a sentiment from a Birmingham or a Black Country pulpit now-a-days. A more inglorious celebration than that of 1869 was probably never witnessed.

The vagaries of Fashion are infinite. We have gone back already, in the matter of dress, to mediæval times—you may see the clinging skirts that are worn now in any old print of the period; while, as regards the fashion of dressing the hair, our girls almost rival in eccentricity their predecessors, who, in the reign of Richard the Third, wore their natural hair in every form that could be devised. We have an engraving before us copied from a volume in the Harleian Collection. In this picture are given the head-dresses of four ladies. One has fastened her hair into the semblance of half a Dutch cheese; a second has a pointed *coiffure* of a most wonderful description; a third's hair is made to look like a huge turban; and that of a fourth is shaped into the form of a heart! To such a ludicrous pitch did the hair-fever attain that all the satirists were "down upon" the ladies for their affectation; and one, Lydgate, the Monk of Bury, wrote a ballad against them, to which he prefixed the singular title "A Ditty of Women's Horns," in allusion to the hair being dressed in the shape of a horn. The monkish poet counselled the followers of this absurd fashion to "list not to pride," but their "horns cast away." The worst of it is, in the present day, you never know where the false hair begins and the real ends, so deftly is the *chignon* arranged and so artfully are the colours blended together. While, as regards other follies of Fashion, we have not yet seen the last of the Grecian Bend before there is developed another form of torture, under the mysterious, inscrutable title of the Alexandra Limp! The Limp is produced (and we do not speak without authority upon this important question) by the removal of the heel from one boot, and the adoption on the other boot of a very high heel—an invention that probably had its origin in the distressing lameness of the Princess who bears the name that has been given to this new folly.

THE POLICE AND LAW COURTS.

THE CARDIFF ABDUCTION CASE.

At the Chambers of Vice-Chancellor James, on Friday, an application was made to appoint a guardian of the Jewish persuasion to Miss Esther Lyons, whose name is known in connection with that which has been called the Cardiff abduction case. His Honour declined to make the order, the young lady, who is 20 years of age, having become a Christian.

AN HEROIC CONSTABLE.

On Saturday, at the Brentford Petty Sessions, a man named Edward Hawkins, Hoxton, crape-dresser, was brought up on remand charged with attempting to commit suicide on the Great Western Railway, by throwing himself in front of an express train. On the previous Tuesday evening the prisoner was observed sitting on the line, with his back against the platform and his legs across the metals, at Ealing station. A police-constable named Northway saw the prisoner crouching between the platform and the metals, and asked him several times to get up, but he refused. His feet were on the metals, and if a train had come up witness said he must have been cut to pieces. The 6 20 p.m. Birmingham express was then nearly due, and just as it came in sight prisoner suddenly sprang to his feet and rushed on to the down line, and threw himself in front of the approaching train. Northway followed and seized the prisoner, and after a struggle just managed to drag him out of the way of the passing train. The prisoner had been drinking, but appeared to know what he was doing. Sergeant Dodd said it was the greatest mercy that both prisoner and the last witness were not cut to pieces. Prisoner, on promising not to repeat the attempt, was allowed to leave the court with his friends.

EXTRAORDINARY APPLICATION.

On Friday, in the Master of the Rolls' Chambers, before Mr. Hawkins, the chief clerk, an application was made in the case of "Greggs." It was stated that the summons was taken out on behalf of Mr. R. Huson Procter, an old gentleman of 80, possessed of considerable property. The Messrs. Greggs were his solicitors, and had been so many years. Mr. Procter had a nephew, the Rev. Gilbert Procter, and Mr. Huson Procter found out that, some time ago, he had been induced by the Messrs. Greggs to sign a deed of gift of his property to this nephew, under the idea that he was signing a testamentary document. Mr. Procter's solicitor had issued an attachment against the parties, but on a motion in chambers, before Vice-Chancellor James, it had been dissolved. Mr. Humphrey Gregg was brother-in-law to Mr. Gilbert Procter. The application now was that an order might issue to examine Mr. Humphrey Greggs. The chief clerk said that he could not make such an order. The solicitor to Mr. Procter said this was a very important matter, and the knowledge that this fraudulent deed of gift had been discovered had such effect upon the Rev. Gilbert Procter that within a few days he had committed suicide. The solicitor to Messrs. Greggs said they denied the whole matter, and the reason why Mr. G. Procter committed suicide was because of this vexatious conspiracy against him. The Chief Clerk said he could make no order, but would adjourn it into court.

A SENSATIONAL CASE.

On Friday the case of Burton v. the Midland Railway Company came before the Lord Chief Baron and Barons Martin, Channell, and Cleasby, in the Court of Exchequer. This was an action for alleged bodily injuries sustained through a railway accident, and at the trial before Mr. Baron Martin, at Westminster, the jury returned a verdict for the plaintiff, damages £750. Mr. Overend, Q.C., on the part of defendants, now moved to set aside the verdict, and for a new trial, on the ground of surprise and fraud. The plaintiff, who had been a soldier, was a traveller in a train which met with an accident at Mansfield Junction on the 19th of December last. He did not then complain of being much hurt, and shortly afterwards accepted £10 from the defendants as full compensation for his injuries, and attached his name to a receipt to that effect. At the trial he was carried into court in a helpless state, and excited great commisseration. It was said that his spine was injured, that he had not been out of bed for several weeks, that the sight of one eye had gone, and that he had been attacked by no less than 30 fits. Several medical men were also called, and so strong was their evidence as to the plaintiff's condition, and such a picture of misery did he present, that he (the learned counsel) advised his clients not to stand on the written receipt, but to let the jury give reasonable compensation. From information received since the trial the defendants believed that the case was altogether a sham. He had an affidavit stating that on the week before the trial in June last plaintiff walked about as if nothing was the matter with him, and that since then he continued to walk with the same ease, and appeared well and stouter than previously. In consequence of receiving this information the defendants had him watched, and they found that he not only had no difficulty in walking, but could easily get on the top of a carrier's cart. In September he went to the seaside, walked six or seven miles a day, ascended steep hills, jumped from rock to rock, searched for crabs, and bathed in the sea, plunging and striking out his arms with ordinary activity. The company believed it was a case of fraud, and were determined to have it exposed.—Mr. Baron Martin: The plaintiff would be an acquisition to those theatres which get up sensational scenes. (Laughter).—Mr. Overend: This was certainly a sensational case.—The Lord Chief Baron: Take a rule, and when you have given notice to the other side you can bring the matter on whenever you like.—Rule *nisi*.

On Friday night, at a house about a mile and a half from Llanpumpsaint, in Carmarthenshire, a young woman, the wife of a farmer, who had only been married five weeks, while placing supper on the table, was fired at from outside the house, and shot just below the heart. She died in about twenty minutes. Marks of the murderer's feet, in stockings, have been traced across two fields and lost. A brother of the woman's husband has been arrested on suspicion.

LITERATURE.

THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE. New Series. Vol. III. London: Bradbury, Evans and Co.

This is the third volume of the New Series of this famous periodical. The wisdom of changing the work from a mere "dry-as-dust" record of societies and index to the births, deaths, and marriages of the generation, has been proved by the enormous increase in circulation. Outliving a rival that commenced by giving to the world similar matter to that selected for the *Gentleman's* New Series, the magazine has had rivals who have trespassed upon its title, and competitors who have gone to the wildest expenditure. Amidst the general competition the *Gentleman's* modestly but firmly holds its own, and will continue to do so, putting forth such numbers as this volume represents. The volume contains papers by Shirley Brooks, the late William Jerdan, George Makepeace Towle, Dr. Stallard, Blanchard Jerrold, "Cavendish," J. Carpenter, S. Walpole, and T. J. Gullick; poems by several graceful writers; and stories by Victor Hugo, Percy Fitzgerald, and the Editor. With such an array of talent, it is unnecessary to say that the volume before us is an interesting and valuable work.

A VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD. A Book for Boys. By W. H. G. Kingston. London: T. Nelson and Sons.

Boys whose appetites for books of travel have been stimulated by "Robinson Crusoe" will thank Mr. Kingston for this contribution to their literature. The narrative begins with the traveller's first parting from home. It is a half-sad, half-happy opening, the chapter in which the young adventurer commences his great journey. The reader will heartily sympathise with the hero. "Look straight on beyond this transient world in all you think, or try, or do. Remember, that delightful as this existence may appear, it is but a passage which leads to eternity. May heaven guide you, my boy!" With these farewell words of advice the father took his son into his arms, and soon afterwards the ship was free of the Mersey and in full sail on its long and most eventful voyage. What perils by land and sea were encountered by the boy whose story is told in the work before us, we leave the reader to learn for himself. We will only tell him that the history is well written, and full of curious and instructive incidents.

THE SOLITARY, AND OTHER POEMS. By Richard Yates Sturges. Edinburgh: James Nichol, 104, High-street.

This is an age of Poetasters. Take up any magazine or newspaper, and you shall find in all the glory of type the outpourings of somebody's muse. Never, perhaps, was so much verse written as now; and we cannot but wonder, as new volumes are successively put before us, who reads them all—an important matter to the publisher, who is at the expense of printing, and to the author, whose remuneration is likely to be infinitesimal unless there happens to be a tolerably quick sale of his work. One of the difficulties a reviewer labours under when criticising the effusions of aspirants to poetic honours is the extreme difficulty of awarding praise and blame discriminately. The practice of universal laudation of everything in the shape of literature that has sprung up in the provincial press, as well as in many of the less influential metropolitan journals, has had the bad effect of disheartening young writers when they see their works cut up by an honest reviewer, whom they regard as one who "damns with faint praise" unless he goes into raptures over tenth-rate compositions. There is another difficulty in the reviewer's path, that, namely, of according the novice a proper place amongst his compeers. These two difficulties weigh upon us in the case of Mr. Sturges' volume, which contains upwards of eighty detached pieces, some of varying merit, others without merit at all. In the latter category we must place the "Addresses" to various persons, friends of the author, but of whom no one out of a limited circle has ever heard, or cares to hear. The lines in honour of these gentlemen should never have been permitted to escape from Mr. Sturges' portfolio or the albums of his personal admirers—no doubt a large body, and not perhaps unreasonably so. "The Solitary," the writer's most ambitious poem, is, we are inclined to think, also one of the best. Of the shorter pieces we like most "The Winds" and "The Spreading Shadow." We instance the former as a fair specimen of Mr. Sturges' quality; and our parting words to him are—"Practice and persevere."

A SIMPLE LIFE.—A correspondent at Pesth says:—"Seldom has a sovereign led so simple a life as the Empress Elizabeth, and in her castle at Godollo she has ample opportunities of gratifying her rural tastes. She goes daily for a solitary walk in the park, which on ordinary days is open to the public, and her children frequently make excursions into the villages and converse familiarly with the people. The Crown Prince, Archduke Rudolph, usually rides a fiery hunter, and the Archduchess Giseta a Spanish mule. The Empress herself is passionately fond of riding, and in her habit of black velvet, with a black kolpack (Hungarian cap) on her head, she gallops across rivers and ditches so broad that the most daring of her suite sometimes hesitate to follow her. She has also a great liking for agricultural pursuits. She works in her own garden, and the other day appeared with a sickle in her hand to assist at the mowing in a field of oats, with the produce of which she feeds her horse."—*Eastern Budget.*

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

Postmasters are now busy learning the rudiments of telegraphy, in preparation for the vast change in our telegraph system that is to come about on the 1st of January next. Among men of science speculation is rife as to the influence which the Government monopoly will produce upon this practical part of electrical science. Fortunes have of late been made by great and small improvements in working apparatus, in methods of manufacturing and carrying wires, and by various time and labour-saving inventions, and the chance of reward has stimulated research and ingenuity. Will there be inducements now for the Varleys, Clarks, Culleys, Brights, and the horde of famous electricians and inventors, to keep their wits at work for the discovery of new principles and the devising of improvements in telegraphic mechanics? We must wait to see. The matter will not be lost sight of, for the Society of Arts has appointed a committee to watch the effects of the Government interference:

One more has been added to the known number of the tiny planets that circulate between the orbits of *Mars* and *Jupiter*. About the middle of October Professor Peters, the director of the Observatory at Clinton, in New York State, picked up the little wanderer in the constellation Pisces. It shines only as a star of the tenth magnitude; and, could its area be measured, no doubt it would not be found much greater than that of one of our average English counties. This is the 109th member of the tribe of little worlds that has been discovered since the beginning of the present century, for, as it happened, the first was picked up on the 1st of January, 1801, by Piazzi, the famous Italian astronomer. How many more of them remain for future eyes and telescopes to find? Hundreds, perhaps; but seekers for them will grow tired of the search in time. The discoverers of some of the early ones were rewarded by medals and pensions; there are no such temptations now.

Some interesting conclusions upon the variations of colour produced in butterflies by allowing their larvæ to grow under the influence of coloured lights have been submitted to the Manchester Philosophical Society by Mr. Sidebotham. Several mixed broods of young caterpillars of the tortoiseshell butterfly were divided into three lots: one lot was matured in ordinary daylight; another in a box lighted through blue glass; the third in a yellow glass chamber. The first passed through their changes normally, and came out ordinary flies. Those subjected to blue were not healthy, many died before the butterfly stage, and those that reached it were puny insects; the orange-brown tints of the wings were lighter than usual, and the yellow and orange merged into each other. The yellow-lighted larvæ also gave small butterflies, with their yellow parts replaced by salmon colour, their venation more strongly marked, and the blue dashes on their wing-edges of dull slaty colour. Taken on the whole, and considering that the effects were produced in one generation, in one month, these results are suggestive, and lead us to think that light has such an influence on lepidoptera as might, in the course of several generations, lead to very material changes in form and colour, and perhaps considerably modify our ideas of what constitutes a species. Some experiments upon various feedings of caterpillars gave no evidence of resulting change in the moths' colours. The subtle influence of light upon animal and vegetable organisms constitutes a rich field for research.

There are small hopes of revival in France for persons who fall into trances, or otherwise assume the semblance of death. They are held to be dead who cannot prove themselves alive, and burial follows within twenty-four hours, the assumed time of life's cessation. It is fearful to think on the possible consequences of such a system; some thrilling incidents bearing on premature burial are related by the author of a work published a few months since, entitled *Mort rêelle et mort apparente*, incidents that were doubtless called into publicity by the existing French law. Obviously it is of vital importance to our neighbours to discover some means of ascertaining whether death be apparent or real, and to this end the late Marquis d'Ourches left twenty thousand francs as a prize to the inventor of a certain but simple method by which real death can be recognised. The condition expressed is that the plan can be put in practice by the poor and illiterate without instruction. Another legacy provides five thousand francs for a means of obtaining the same result by agencies or processes requiring skilled practitioners, and not at the doors of all the world. The Imperial Academy of Medicine has accepted the administration of these prizes; if they are not claimed within five years from January, 1868, they lapse, the money going to the succession. [This subject is further noticed in page 176.]

A brace of medical items of some popular interest:—A French physician says that coffee is a cause of gout. At fifty years of age the disease attacked him, and he became a constant sufferer. Naturally he set his professional brain to work in quest of the cause; and he could only fix it upon *café noir*, which he had a taste for, and which he had taken stronger and stronger, as his palate dulled, till he had arrived at the maximum flavour of the decoction. To test his conclusion, he left off coffee, and the gout left him. Then he took it again; back came the gout. For more than a year he subjected himself to the alternate experimentation, and always with the same result—gout invariably followed a free indulgence in the aromatic luxury. We need hardly say that after the year's trial the doctor considered his point proved and eschewed Mocha altogether. The other item relates to that much advertised curative, sarsaparilla. Professor Coulier, of Val de Grace, says that a chemical analysis of the root has isolated a special principle, but it is one that is useless in theurapetics. Clinical experience relative to the employment of "the blood purifier"—as the advertisements call it—is not decisive, and the hesitation in yielding a conclusion may be taken as an evidence of its neutrality. Usually it is mixed with other drugs which work the cure, while sarsaparilla gains the credit. The Professor says that it is a parasitic and inert preparation handed down to modern pharmacy from a period when methodic analysis did not exist. As it is harmless there would be little to say against it, only it is costly, and the large sums devoted to its purchase by Government for military dispensaries are so much mis-spent money.

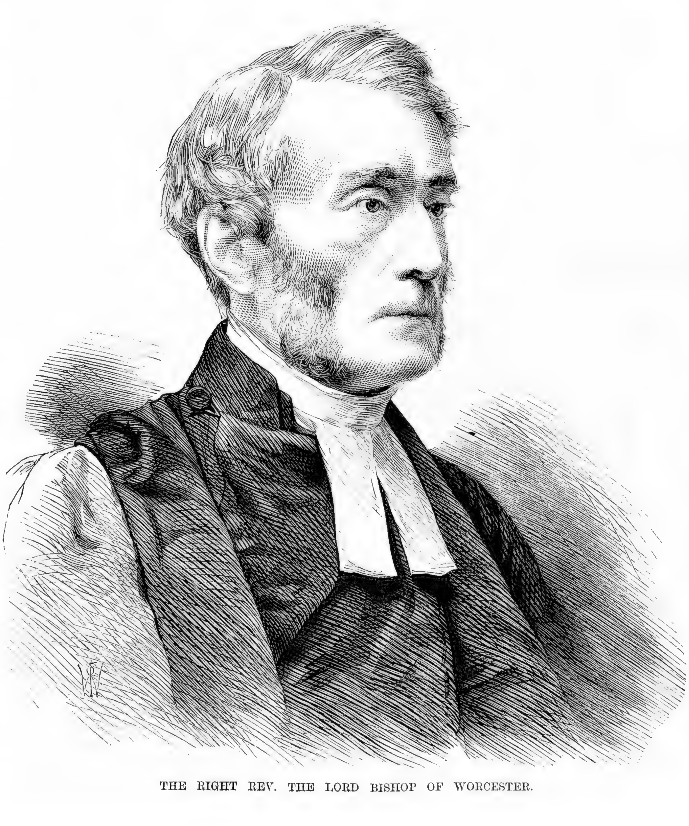
HENRY PHILPOTT, D.D.,
BISHOP OF WORCESTER.

One of the most popular of diocesans, the Bishop of Worcester may take rank amongst the foremost of educated, hard-working Churchmen. There is no part of his diocese that does not feel the benefit of his personal care and influence. The schools of the see have a special attraction for his Lordship. Inaugurating new schools, working on educational committees, encouraging the young by his presence at prize distributions, are incidents peculiarly gratifying to the Bishop. No man is more accessible, no parish priest more unpretending, no Christian more a Christian, than Henry Philpott. He has made the toast of "The Bishop and Clergy of the Diocese" popular in the best sense, and even that is something in these days of social and religious revolution. If all her sons, and especially those in high authority, wore their dignity as modestly, and with as deep a sense of their responsibility, as the present Bishop of Worcester, the Church would have no cause to fear for her future. The laity are influenced now more than ever by clerical example. It is not in the possibility of things that purity of life can be found untarnished amongst the best associations of men; but it cannot be denied that the Church must always be more or less strong in the hearts of the people according as the clergy set forth and show in their lives the truth and beauty of the doctrines they preach. Henry of Worcester is a significant example of the influence of a truly good man, moderate in his views, discreet in his government, and happy in the enjoyment of the confidence of his clergy.

The subject of our Illustration (a better portrait we have not before engraved) and brief memoir was born November 17, 1807. He took his B.A. degree at Cambridge, from St. Catharine's College, in 1829, when he was Senior Wrangler and in the First Class of the Classical Tripos. He was elected Fellow of his College the same year, and held the office of Assistant Tutor or Tutor till his election to the Mastership of the College in 1845. He served the office of Moderator in the University in 1833, 1834, and 1836, that of Examiner for Mathematical Honours in 1837 and 1838, and that of Proctor in 1834-35. In 1837 he was appointed by the Bishop of London (Blomfield) Preacher in Whitehall Chapel, which office he held for two years and a half; was twice nominated a Select Preacher before the University; and was appointed Examining Chaplain by the late Dr. Turton, Bishop of Ely, on his elevation to the episcopate in 1844. After his election to the Mastership of his College in 1845 he took an active part in the business of the University, and served as Vice-Chancellor in 1846, 1856, and 1857. At the end of his last year of office as Vice-Chancellor several members of the Senate presented his portrait, painted by Sir I. Watson Gordon, to the University, as a memorial of the services he had rendered during the sitting of the University Commission. This portrait is now in the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge. He was appointed by his Royal Highness the late Prince Consort one of his four Chaplains in 1847, and retained that office till his appointment to the See of Worcester in 1860. He was appointed Clerk of the Closet to the Queen in 1865.

His Lordship, it will be seen, won his spurs as a scholar at an early age, and his career exemplifies what we have said concerning him as a worker. He was a great favourite of the late Prince Consort, and at the present time enjoys the confidence and friendly regard of the Queen. We dare say there are men of the Bishop's acquaintance who could enrich our brief notice of him with entertaining anecdotes. We have an authentic *mot*, which is not an unworthy example of his Lordship's readiness in repartee. At a small committee on which we served with the Bishop, a mutual friend, who wore his beard, presented himself, and for a moment the Bishop did not recognise his old College acquaintance. "Ah! you have grown a beard since we met," said his Lordship. The bearded parson evidently thought the Bishop's observation deprecated the hirsute adornment, or he wished to provoke discussion. "The Apostles had beards, my lord," said the parson. "Ah! dear friend," said the Bishop, "I wish we had their Theology as well as their beards."

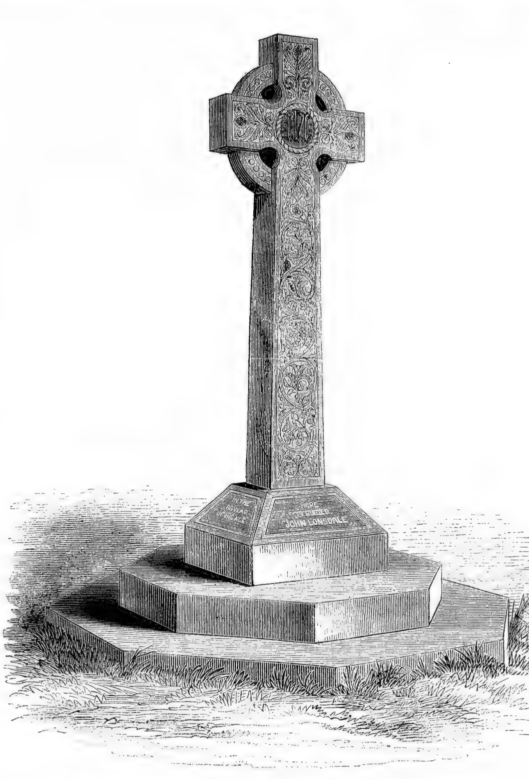
Our Engraving is from a photograph by Mr. Thrupp, Birmingham.



THE RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF WORCESTER.

OPENING OF THE HUNTING SEASON.
THE FIRST MEET.

Just as the red russet Autumn begins to merge into the cold steel greys of Winter, the M.F.H. looks anxiously forward to the "First Meet of the Season." Hunting quarters are furbished up; the dark roan and the queenly chestnut are got into condition, and the veteran and the neophyte look anxiously forward to many a dashing run through a grass country, and many a pleasant chat by the covert side to be agreeably broken by the cheery cry of "stole away," and the tuneful cry of the old hound as he catches up the scent. The aristocratic Meltonian appears with faultless pink and tops at Kirby Gate. The Pytchley and Atherstone have their first fashionable running when November dawns, but the popular meet in every sense of the term is the opening day of the North Warwickshire, in the princely park of Stoneleigh. Here the noble Lord Lieutenant of Warwickshire gives a warm welcome to all. The breakfast invitations are scattered far and wide. The less fortunate may hope to imbibe some of the potent March beer from the "black jacks" which are moving about through the crowd under the ministering hands of Lord Leigh's servants. What hearty welcomes! what warm recognitions there are! landlord, tenant, noble, and simple. Friends and gentlemen all seem to feel their proper throne is on the pigskin again. What swarms of pedestrians there are from Coventry, whose tall spires can be seen in the distance; from near Kenilworth, and the more distant Leamington and Warwick. What vehicles are pressed into service! What jokes there are as they pass through the old Abbey gates, which yet remain the portals to the present stately mansion! The breakfast takes place in the old hall, where Charles the First lingered when the contumacious men of Coventry refused admission to the Cavaliers when the first act of civic war was opened. Not much real sport is expected outside on these popular days; the pedestrians are so numerous, and fill up all the available openings and avenues, that whether the find is at Berricote-wood, or in the thickets of Glasshouse, it is almost impossible for Reynard to "get away" if inclined, and he is frequently "chopped" in his attempts to double back. Yet it is a cheery sight and most enjoyable holiday. The woods seem to re-echo the laughter, the modest Avon reflects the happy faces and scarlet coats of those who attend the "First Meet of the Season." We hope to meet our foxhunting friends again in the course of the season at many a joyous gathering; to chronicle the deeds of our Midland Nimrods, and to illustrate them with pen and pencil. The first meet of the season was to have taken place as usual at Stoneleigh. Owing to the death of the Marquis of Westminster this year the fixture was changed to Kenilworth. Our Engraving represents the hunt crossing the ford at Kenilworth at the start to the covert.



MONUMENTAL CROSS OVER THE GRAVE OF BISHOP LONSDALE.

BISHOP LONSDALE.

A monumental cross of great beauty has recently been erected over the grave of Bishop Lonsdale, by the members of his family. It will be remembered that the late Bishop died suddenly at his Episcopal Palace, Eccleshall Castle, on the 19th October, 1867, and was buried in the churchyard which adjoins the Castle grounds. The present monument was designed by Mr. Gilbert Scott, R.A., and has been executed in Aberdeen granite, of a bluish tint. It measures 11 ft. 6 ins. in height, and stands on an octagon base of two steps. The front of the cross is boldly engraved with scroll work, having in the centre the sacred monogram, which is gilt. A simple inscription surrounds the plinths. The whole is chaste, massive, and effective, belonging to an early period of church architecture, and similar in character to many crosses that may be found in Cornwall and other parts of England as well as in Ireland. Our Engraving is from a photograph by Mr. F. Whitlock, of Birmingham.

THE PHYSIOLOGY OF TRANCE.

T. Edwards Clark, M.D., of New York, contributes to the *Quarterly Journal of Psychological Medicine* a very interesting series of papers on the above subject. Some persons (says the writer) have the power voluntarily of entering the trance condition, or a state more or less similar to it. Mr. Braid has discovered that, if certain sensitive individuals fix their attention on any bright object held near and above their forehead, their eyes soon become fatigued and close. If they still continue to keep their eyes turned towards the object, they pass off into a state which in its full development resembles trance-coma. Mr. Braid has given the name hypnotism to this artificial method, and has resorted to it, not only for the cure of certain nervous diseases, but even for the performance of certain surgical operations, the patient being insensible and entirely unconscious of all that takes place.

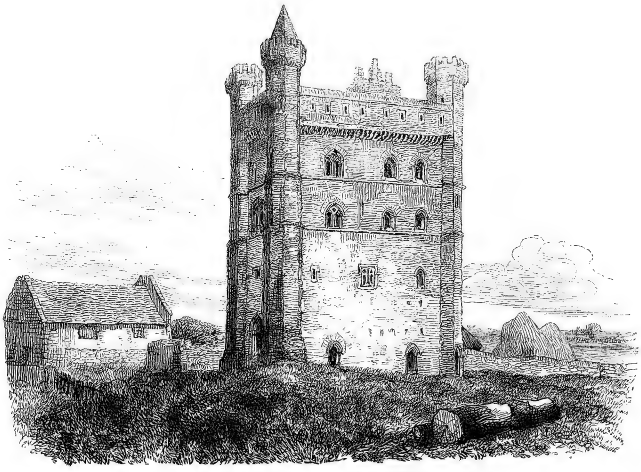
Avicenna and Celsus speak of those who could separate themselves from their senses when they list, and lie like dead men, void of life and sense. But the Yogis or Fakirs of India appear to have carried this art almost to perfection. They boast of being able to suspend all vital action for months and even years, and still to retain the capability of resuscitation. Sir Claude Wade writes to Dr. Braid, that he was present at the court of Runjeet Singh, when the Fakir was buried alive for six weeks at Lahore, in 1837.

Braid speaks of another native Indian, who, in 1835, was buried for a month. "In the floor of the house was a hole, about 3 ft. long, 2¼ ft. broad, and the same in depth, or perhaps a yard deep, in which he was placed in a sitting posture, sewed up in a linen shroud, with his knees doubled up towards the chin. Two heavy slabs of stone, 5 or 6 ft. long, several inches thick, and broad enough to cover the mouth of the grave, were then placed over him so that he could not escape." The doors were closed with masonry, and a guard placed around the building. At the expiration of a month the grave was opened, and the treatment and result were the same as in the preceding case. (Bathing with hot water.) Another devotee was buried in a common grave without a coffin, and beneath 3 or 4 ft. of earth. This burial was witnessed by a staff-officer of a British military station in 1828. The native had purposed being under ground ten days, but the officer became frightened at the expiration of the third day and ordered his disinterment. The body was cold and stiff as a mummy. On resorting to the usual practices life made its appearance.

In that curious work, *The Dabistan, or School of Manners*, translated from the original Persian, and published in Paris in 1843, we find some statements that have a bearing on the above phenomena. The author appears to have been Mohran Fani, a traveller of Cashmere, born about the year 1610 A.D. "Sanjá Náth, of the sect of Ayi," he writes, "was a man accomplished in restraining the breath. The people numbered him among the saints and said that seven hundred years of his life had elapsed without his hair having yet become white. He was in the last-mentioned year (1638 A.D.) seen in Lahore. Serud-náth, descending from Humayún, was of noble origin. Having in his youth attained to the mastership of that sect, he could restrain his breath for two days. In 1048 of the Hejira (1638 A.D.), the author of this work saw him at Lahore. It is an established custom among the Yogis that, when malady overpowers them, they bury themselves." We have seen that life has been only held in abeyance when the lungs and heart were totally inactive, and when the mirror held to the mouth collected no vapour. The temperature of the body helps us little to a correct decision. . . . . Free respiration, and a flush of the countenance, have given rise to delusive hopes. The flow of blood is no criterion, for we read of one who suddenly expired while at cards. His physician opened a vein in each arm, but no blood flowed. Two sleepy watchers found the floor of the room, in the morning, deluged with blood, and life was gone!

TATTERSHALL TOWER, LINCOLNSHIRE.

To passengers through the Fen Country by the Great Northern Railway the old castle of Tateshall, Totteshall, or Tattershall, as it is variously spelt in Dugdale's "Monasticon," is an object of great interest. Standing between Boston and Lincoln, Tattershall Tower is perhaps the finest specimen of ancient brickwork which we possess. It is built of red brick and is a striking feature in the level landscape. Some writers believe Tattershall was the Durobrivis of the Romans: that they had a post there is amply proved by the remains of two military stations which may yet be seen in Tattershall Park. Without diving too deeply into the history of the place, we may briefly say it is on record that when William the Conqueror divided the lands of Lincolnshire amongst his Norman followers the manor of Tattershall was given by the King to a Knight called Eudo, by whose descendants a castle was erected upon it. King John granted the inhabitants of Tattershall authority to hold a weekly market on Fridays upon being presented by Robert Fitz-Eudo with "a well-trained gos-hawk," which in those days was a valuable bird. Rather singularly, however, no trace of the old Norman builder's work is to be found at Tattershall, which cannot be ascribed to an earlier era than the reign of Henry VI. About 1551 the estate passed into the hands of Edward, Lord Clinton, afterwards Earl of Lincoln; but the line of the Clintons ending in an heiress, the estate was severed from the title, and thenceforth became the property of Earl Fortescue, who is lord of the manor and patron of the living of Tattershall. The tower suffered considerably in the Civil wars.



TATTERSHALL TOWER, LINCOLNSHIRE.

LINDESFARN ABBEY.

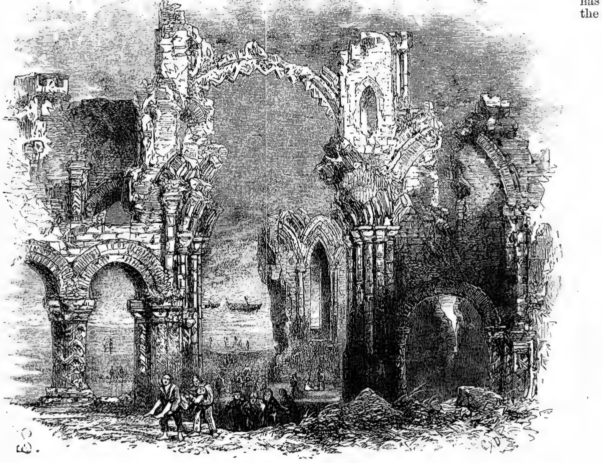
About midway between Berwick and North Sunderland lies Lindesfarn, better known, perhaps, as Holy Island—an appellation derived from the circumstance that Aidan, the apostle of the north, founded a monastic retreat there, and that it was at Lindesfarn that St. Cuthbert (who was sixth Bishop of Durham, and bestowed the name of his "patrimony" upon the see) performed most of his miracles. The ruins of the Monastery upon Holy Island [see the Illustration] betoken great antiquity. The Venerable Bede calls Lindesfarn a semi-island, for although surrounded by the sea at high tide, yet the ebb leaves the sands dry between it and the opposite coast of Northumberland, about three miles distant. These sands are very dangerous to cross, and many fatalities are recorded as occurring to persons who have wandered over the treacherous quicksands without a guide. The island is about 1,000 acres in extent, though there is not much more than half that quantity in cultivable land, the remainder being sand-hills covered with a short coarse "bent." The village consists of a few fishermen's huts and lodging-houses, the manor-house and parsonage (introduced by Miss Porter in one of her charming novels), and a couple of fish-stores and salting-houses. Like most of these ancient ruins, Lindesfarn Abbey has many romantic stories and legends attached to its history. Scott has celebrated it in "Marmion," the second canto of which is devoted to a description of the convent, whither came the Abbess of St. Hilda and "the novice Clare:"—

> "There, with Saint Cuthbert's Abbot old,
> And Tynemouth's Prioress, to hold
> A chapter of Saint Benedict,
> For inquisition stern and strict,
> On two apostles from the faith,
> And, if need were, to doom to death."

Scott tells how "In Saxon strength that Abbey frowned," and how—

> "On the deep walls, the heathen Dane
> Had poured his impious rage in vain."

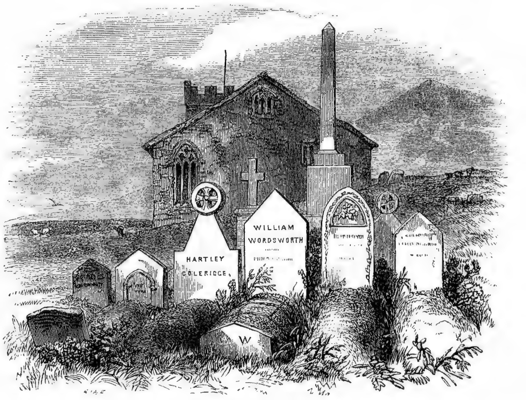
St. Cuthbert was a most unreasonable personage in his choice of a sepulchre. His body was brought to Lindesfarn from a hermitage on the Farne Islands, and remained there until the Danes destroyed the monastery in 793. Thence the reliques of St. Cuthbert were taken to Scotland, and after many journeyings found a final resting-place at Wardlaw, or Wardilaw. The abbey is of Saxon architecture; some pointed windows, however, show the building to have been repaired at a period long subsequent to the original foundation. The ruins of the abbey have been neglected—some of the offices having been despoiled to build houses in the village!



LINDESFARN ABBEY.

A FAMOUS CHURCHYARD.

In the little "garth" of St. Oswald's, Grasmere, is a notable group of graves. One of these contains the remains of William Wordsworth, that "true philosopher and poet" whom Keble called, in the inscription he wrote upon the tombstone of the poet, "a chief minister, not only of noblest poesy, but of high and Sacred Truth." The churchyard is not far from the former dwelling of the poet, who, with the members of his household, rests where the turf "is washed green by summer dew and winter rain, and in early spring is beautifully dappled with lichens and golden moss." On the first grave in the group that we illustrate is carved the name of Wordsworth's favourite sister Dorothy; and in succession are the graves of Mrs. Wordsworth, Dora Wordsworth, her husband (Mr. Quillinan, who translated the "Lusiad"), and behind them; indicated by two small headstones, the graves of the poet's two baby children. Behind these is the grave of Hartley Coleridge (eldest son of Samuel Taylor Coleridge), whose bier Wordsworth followed on a January day, when the pure snow fell softly on all around. Before ever the trees were green again the author of "The Excursion" was borne along the same path to his rest. The poet's monument in the church is decorated with daisies and wild celandine—Wordsworth's favourite flowers.



WORDSWORTH'S GRAVE.

The Avon steamer, plying between Newport and Bristol, came into collision, on Thursday, with the steamer Athlete, off Pill Avon, and sank in a few minutes. The passengers and crew were saved with difficulty. Several hundred pigs and sheep were drowned.

THE INSURRECTION IN DALMATIA.

The embers of revolution in Spain were yet smouldering when intelligence arrived of an insurrection in Dalmatia. In a communication dated Pesth, November 2, the *Times* Correspondent gives some interesting details of the operations of the troops to provision and strengthen the fort of Dragaly. Dragaly is the very last fort northward towards the point where the frontier lines of Cattaro, Montenegro, and the Herzegovina meet on the crest of the mountain chain. It lies on a high plateau at the foot of the heights, and commands the road which leads from the Cattaro into the plain of Grahovo, in the Herzegovina. As you may remember, an expedition was sent out on the 15th ult. to relieve the frontier fort, with which all communication since the beginning of the outbreak had been interrupted, but the flying column sent for that purpose encountered such a storm, coupled with torrents of rain, that it could advance only to the intermediate fort of Cerkvice, and exhausted by fatigue, had to give up the attempt to advance any further, and retire to its position at Risano;—nay, such was the fury of the storm that even the detachment that was stationed on the heights rising immediately behind Risano had to descend and seek shelter in the town below. In the meantime reinforcements had arrived, and a new commander, Colonel Isanovics, was intrusted with the work, for which a column, composed of four battalions, a mountain and a rocket battery, were detached. Although the distance from Risano to Dragaly is not 15 English miles, yet, owing to the fatigues of the mountain road and the incessant rain, it took two days to make the expedition. The first part of the road, from Risano to Ledenice, is the easiest and least exposed, for the way goes over a succession of open plateaux, where a regular military force always has the advantage, and where there is scope for the employment of guns, but from Ledenice the road dips into a wild mountain gorge. Still, even on going through this gorge no great resistance was encountered, and the troops debouched the plateau on which Dragaly stands. It was here that the insurgents were lying in wait, and while the work of taking in the provisions and making the necessary arrangements was going on, one body of them appeared on the heights which separate the plain of Grahovo from that of Dragaly, while the other, which had been concealed in the mountains towards the Montenegrin frontier, descended lower down, threatening the line of retreat of the troops, and harassing them with the fire of their Minié rifles. Here, then, the troops were exposed to a galling fire from an enemy half concealed, and who entirely disappeared when attacked, only, however, to return immediately after the troops turned their backs. The plain offered no cover for the troops; so, the task of provisioning the fort and strengthening its garrison being accomplished, and there being no intention to remain on those heights, the order was given to return. This was, however, not to be accomplished without difficulty and considerable loss, for the heights which flank the gorge were now swarming with armed men, pouring down their fire on the retreating troops, who could not reply to much purpose; nay, a body of insurgents actually pressed down more than once on the rear-guard. In spite of this, the most awkward position in which troops can be placed, they behaved extremely well, never showing the least symptom of wavering under this most demoralizing manner of fighting. The result of it was a loss of three officers and nineteen men killed and three officers and sixty-nine men wounded, and three were missing. Three native mule-drivers and seven transport animals were likewise killed. In going forward the efforts of the insurgents seemed above all directed on the column carrying the provisions, and on debouching from the gorge on to the plateau of Dragaly a smart attack was made upon it, which, however, was beaten back easily, as indeed all such attacks entailing fair fighting have been. But it is only rarely that the insurgents venture on such ground; knowing every inch of the country and how to avail themselves of it, every bush or rock forms a safe position for them from which they can discharge their rifles with impunity.

MINERAL PRODUCTIONS OF LINCOLNSHIRE.

Some interesting particulars of the recent development of the mineral productions of Lincolnshire, especially within the last three years, are given in *Ryland's Iron Trade Circular*. In 1860 the quantity of ore raised was 175,720 tons, in 1867 it had increased to 192,213 tons, of which 105,628 tons were used for home consumption and 86,587 tons were exported; in 1868 no less a quantity than 205,699 tons, of the value of £51,424, or nearly double the quantity produced in the former year. Of this quantity, 200,699 tons were raised at Scunthorpe, near Brigg, and 5,000 tons at Claxby, near Normanby. The iron which is converted from the native ore is soft and pliable. It is in good demand for casting purposes, and is used largely for mixing with Derbyshire and Yorkshire stone. It is found in beds about 20ft. in thickness, and contains from 30 to 33 per cent. of iron, and a sufficient quantity of limestone for smelting purposes. A large quantity is forwarded to Staveley, as well as to Parkgate Ironworks, near Rotherham, and to several other West Riding Works. Although it is only about five years since the first blast furnaces were erected in the district, the production of pig iron is large, and there can be no doubt but that in a few years the district will rank as a very important iron producing locality. On looking over the mineral statistics for the United Kingdom, which have just been issued for 1868, it appears that there were six furnaces, five of which were in blast. The first furnaces which were erected were those at the Trent Ironworks. In addition to these the Frodringham Iron Company and the North Lincolnshire Iron Company have also furnaces in the district. For 1866 the district produce of pig iron was 13,765 tons, whilst in 1867 it had nearly become double, being no less than 25,579 tons. In 1868 it still further increased to 33,999 tons, or 8,420 tons more than was made in the previous year.

The memorial stone of the new Independent Church in course of erection at St. Peter's Hill, Grantham, was laid by James Sidebottom, Esq., of Manchester, assisted by the Rev. W. Goldie (pastor), Rev. A. Murray, of Peterborough, Rev. Josiah Miller, M.A., Newark, and the Rev. W. F. Clarkson, B.A., Lincoln. The new church is planned to seat upwards of 600 persons. It consists of a nave and two side aisles, divided by two Gothic arcades, with carved stone capitals. There will be a gallery at that end of the church opposite the pulpit. The design is in the 13th century style of English architecture, the walling being of Ancaster rag, with dressings of Ancaster free stone.

TOWN HALL, BIRMINGHAM.

GRAND NILSSON FESTIVAL,

NEXT

TUESDAY & WEDNESDAY, November 16 & 17.

Prices of Admission—
Reserved Galleries, 10s. 6d.; Floor, 7s.; Unreserved Great Gallery, 5s.; Floor, 2s. 6d.

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Are now open at Mr. Harrison's Concert Office, Colmore Row and Bennett's Hill. Parties residing at a distance can have the best unappropriated seats secured for them by applying to Mr. Harrison, with remittance for the tickets required.

On Tuesday Evening the first part of programme will consist of a Selection from Haydn's Oratorio, "CREATION," and the second part Miscellaneous.
On Wednesday Evening the first part of programme will consist of a Selection from Handel's Oratorio, "MESSIAH," and the second part Miscellaneous.

The Doors will be opened at Seven, and the Concerts commence at Eight o'clock. [230

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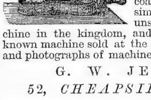

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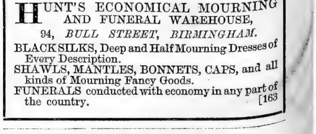

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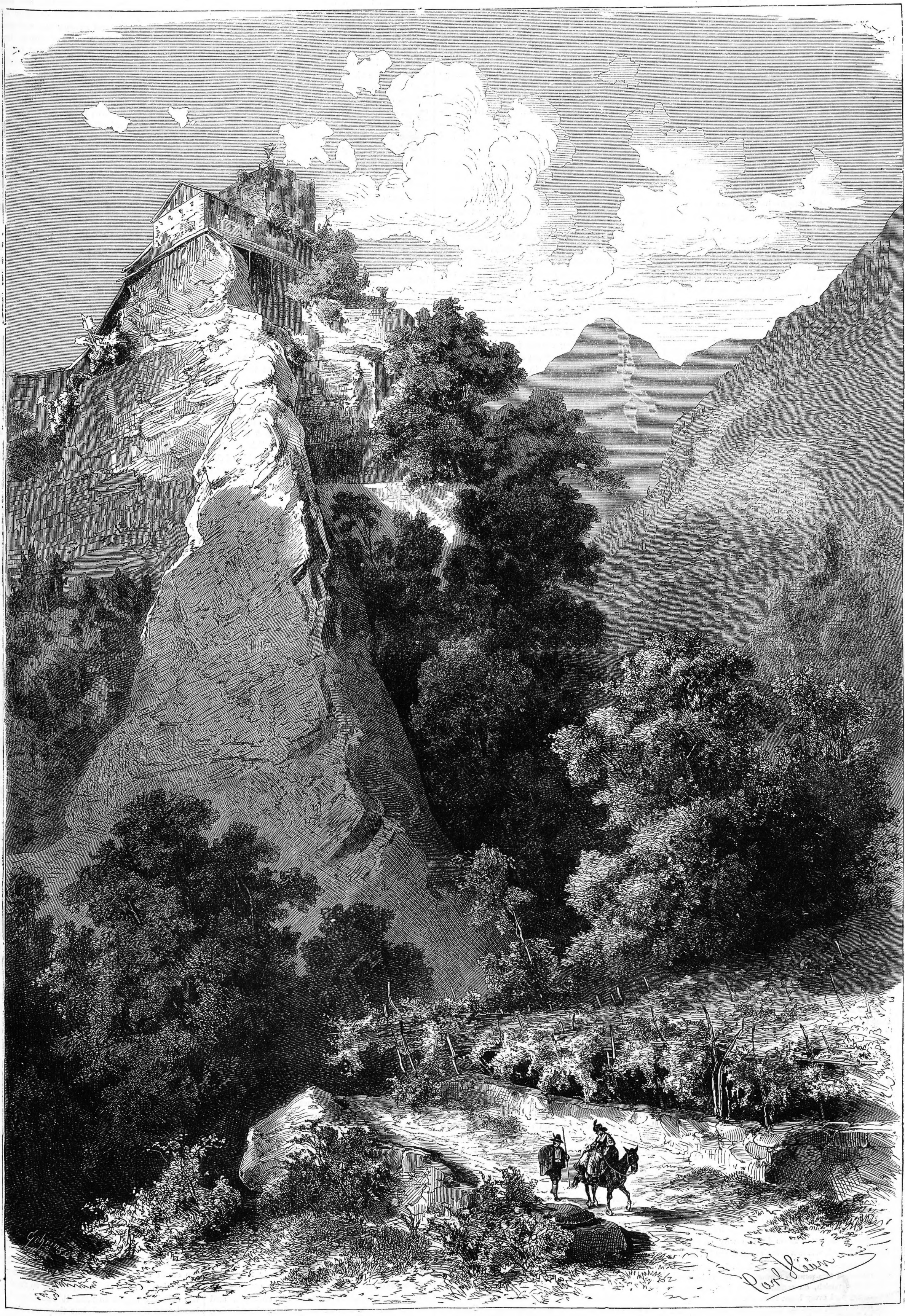


IN THE TYROL.—*BY CARL HEYN.* *(See page 166.)*

BELL-RINGERS' DAY
AT
WITHYFORD-UPON-AVON.

A Contribution to Warwickshire History.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

I.—RECOMMENDED TO TOURISTS.

It has always seemed to us that any country gentleman who would take the trouble of tracing out and legibly recording the origin of such customs and celebrations as he may find peculiar to his own parish would, in so doing, be conferring an appreciable service upon county history.

As our own contribution to a new "Warwickshire," we put down here an account—so far as we have made it out—of the origin of "Bell-Ringers' Day at Withyford-upon-Avon," no resident of that village volunteering to relieve us of the task.

If any old inhabitant of Withyford, seeing the narrative in print for the first time, as we believe it now is, should, from his own recollection, be able to pronounce it incorrect in any essential particular, he will greatly oblige the writer by communicating with the editor of this paper.

Ordinarily, when wrong (as we confess we have been once or twice in our lifetime), Withyford-upon-Avon is about the last place we should think of applying at to be put right. For with a rather large experience of slow and stupid places, and with great deference to the claims of all of them, we venture to pronounce Withyford (we must really decline to write the name in full every time) the slowest and most stupid place in the Midland Counties.

[If Time be ever killed at Withyford (and we think we have witnessed more than one felonious attempt of that kind in the village) it will certainly be his own fault for not getting out of the way.]

For that reason it is the place of all others which we recommend the reader to choose for his retreat when he has a day to spare from business, and does not wish to spend it in more hackneyed resorts. It has as yet no railway, nor indeed—the public having to a certain extent recovered its senses of late—is it ever likely to have. But being conveniently equi-distant from several points the reader had better go to one of them, and then ask his way more minutely.

To see it at its best, that is at its sleepiest, he should go in the hot summer weather, when the Avon is low and the cattle stand in the half-dried bed of the river, under the shelter of the withies (from which the village would seem to take its name), wondering mildly what was the sin of the first cow for which flies were sent into the world.

Should he approach it by way of the fields—which is the way we recommend—he will before coming to the ford or ferry see the ivy-covered square tower of the quaint old church looking sleepily down upon him from its little knoll, as it has looked down for the last five hundred, or as some say six hundred years, upon the river winding quietly beneath.

The great charm of Withyford to the visitor is, and must ever be, that when he has got there, there is absolutely nothing to see. He may go away again without the slightest fear of being hereafter reproached by any guide-book with having omitted anything. Nobody's grand old house clamours for inspection. No fragment of unintelligible ruin bores him. Shakspere is not supposed to have been found drunk under any tree in the parish. The tourist has nothing to do but lounge away the day in the churchyard or at the Southwell Arms, and go in peace. If that is not the perfection of a holiday we should like to be told what is.

Of course when the tourist is tired of the churchyard he goes into the church. For the sexton's cottage is close by, and the sexton will take care that he does not lose sight of him till he does so.

High, narrow pews; a high, deep pulpit with extinguisher hanging over it; a few moderately-executed monuments high up against the walls; there seems to be nothing else to look at, and the visitor turns to go.

Or, perhaps, the sexton takes him into the little chancel which is the burial place of the Southwells. There, if he is curious in genealogies, he may trace the family from father to son, beginning at the tarnished brass with its black-letter inscription four hundred years old, or even further back with the cross-legged Crusader who has no inscription legible, and ending with the clean white marble of the last generation.

Also he may read the table of bequests which hangs above the vestry door, from which he will see that three deceased parishioners have chosen to perpetuate their fame in the way of annual doles of bread, while a fourth record reads thus:—

> "1829.—William Hollings, Esq., by his will bequeathed two pounds annually to the bell-ringers of this parish, on condition that they do ring a merry peal every hour, from six in the morning to six at night, upon the church bells, on the 4th day of July for ever"

The chances being, however, three hundred and sixty-four to one against its being the 4th July when the tourist happens to be at Withyford, he settles it in his own mind that William Hollings's bequest was doubtless intended, for some inscrutable reason, to perpetuate in the memory of Withyford the date of the declaration of American Independence. And so, probably dismissing the subject from his mind, he strolls down to the Southwell Arms (there is no other place he can go to), and finishes the day.

The odds were, of course, just as great as above quoted against *our* being at Withyford on Bell-ringers' Day; but there, by some singular fortune, we did happen to be: else this history had not been written, or not been written by us.

Few sounds, indeed, are more beautiful to us, in the retrospect, than the sound of those bells as they came to us borne on the summer breeze across the fields. Withyford Church might be a mile away, and we were trudging towards it a little wearily with knapsack on back, when suddenly the bells burst out, in the summer afternoon's stillness, so sweetly, so clearly, so merrily, that we were fain to sit down upon a stile and listen till they ceased, which they did in about a quarter-of-an-hour.

Then we wandered on again, botanising lazily, till we came to the river, where we sat down and partook of a modest refreshment of sandwiches and sherry. Just as we finished, and for all the world as if returning thanks for us after meat, out rung the bells again from the little tower just above us. We settled it in our own mind that some happy M. and N. had taken each other altogether for better that day at Withyford, and that when we entered the village we should find a display of bunting, and, possibly, general tipsyfication.

In which, of course, we proved to be quite wrong. It was almost a deserted village. We wandered through the length of it (which was not far) without seeing a creature outside any house of whom we could ask a question. One old lady sat knitting at an open door, keeping time with her head to the motion of her needles, and counting silently with her lips. She looked up as we passed, but we could not find it in our heart to make her lose her count by speaking. From another door, as we returned, an old man leaning on two sticks came out to look at us, and in answer to our enquiry why the bells had been ringing, said—"Why, 'cause its 'bell-ringers' day,' of coorse," and turned in again to avoid further questioning.

Proceeding next to the churchyard, there was still no one to be seen. But as the church door stood open, we went in and sat down. A shuffling of feet, and a sound of voices apparently above the rafters made us look up, and even as we looked the bells burst forth again.

They rang as they had rung before, a quarter-of-an-hour, then ceased, and the ringers came out. In the meantime we had discovered the "Table of Bequests" before mentioned, and therefore, when one said to another in passing, "Only one more peal, Tim," we knew what was meant, it being then five o'clock.

It was, however, in vain that we asked the ringers what was the meaning of the celebration. They were all young men, and knew only that it was paid for out of what was called "Hollings's quest," and that it meant to each of them, once a year, something like three shillings and a good supper at the Southwell Arms. Tim Irons, the principal bell-ringer, and principal blacksmith of the village might know something more, "for he was an old man, and he reckoned to know pretty near everything, Tim did," one of them said sneeringly. But the encyclopædic Tim proved to have gone home till the next peal was due, and therefore was not presently available for consultation.

We found it easy enough, however, to picture to ourselves the benevolent Hollings. He had clearly been a quiet, peaceful man, doubtless a good church-goer, and one who found in the sound of the church-going bell in quiet country places an ever pure delight. This benevolent Hollings, doubtless, after doing all the good he could in his lifetime, had balanced in his mind the comparative worth of an annual dole of bread to the parish poor, staying their craving stomachs at the most for a few hours, and perhaps giving rise to much grumbling at the smallness or fewness of the loaves; and on the other hand, of an annual feast of music from the bells to gladden the hearts and ears of all and sundry, rich and poor, parishioners and aliens, all through a summer's day; and had decided in favour of the bells—for which, as a stranger who would certainly have never had a loaf, we blessed his memory.

Also we settled it that, probably because his ancestors had taken part in the infant struggle of the great Transatlantic colony, and because he saw it was a fitting and a good thing that the Western world should be free, he had fixed "Bell-ringers' Day" on the 4th July—date of the famous Declaration of Independence.

That is the theory of the character of the good Hollings, deceased, and of the motives which prompted his bequest, which we evolved out of our inner consciousness.

Then learning that we might, if we wished, be allowed to join the bell-ringers' supper, we determined to stay that night at the Southwell Arms, and contribute our humble homage to a good man's memory.

Tim, the chief bell-ringer, turned up in due time, as did his staff and a village crony or two who had been ringers in past days, but were now past ringing.

Tim, considered as a work of reference, opened easily, on the application of moisture, at the letter H, and told us all he knew of the founder of the village festival. That all proved unfortunately so little that it only put us on the right track for subsequent researches, the net result of which we embody in the next chapter, that the reader may see how far our estimate of Hollings, the benevolent, was correct.

II.—THE BENEVOLENT HOLLINGS.

Fifty years ago the family of Southwell—pronounced Süthell at Withyford—was the one great, resident, land-owning family of the neighbourhood. None but they in this or the next parishes kept up any figure on their own land. And, looking from the little knoll of the church, one might have said in a general way that all one could see belonged to the Marquis or to them.

Withyford, indeed, believed in one Marquis (not knowing, we suspect, from its never describing him by any further title, that there were more Marquises than one); and in one family of Southwell.

The Marquis, of course, owned the greater acreage; being potent not at Withyford only, but in all contiguous parishes. But then the Marquis never came near his English estates. His magnificent old hall, on the other side of the county, filled, as people said, with pictures and works of art of priceless value, was occupied only by a housekeeper and a few servants. The Marquis himself was merely a great invisible force—believed in, as we said, devoutly, and with awe; but regarded only with the same kind of emotion as one might regard the force of gravitation or the force centrifugal.

With the Southwells it was different. There they were in the flesh—and in a good deal of it, too, being a stout-limbed, well-developed race. And there their ancestors had been for so many generations, that the parish registers did not nearly trace them to their source, and the little chancel of the parish church barely sufficed to hold their scutcheons and their monuments.

If there were any truth in heraldry, or family tradition, the first Sir Giles Southwell had gone once on pilgrimage to the Holy Land, and afterwards had gone again as a warrior of the cross.

Whether it were that a certain tendency to Quixotic and impracticable undertakings, originating with this crusader, ran in the blood of the family, and showed itself at intervals, we know not, but the head of the house fifty years ago, Sir Thomas Southwell, sixteenth baronet, appears to have been exactly one of those impulsive, generous, easily-deceived souls, who, had crusading been still in fashion, would certainly have left all and marched against the Saracen.

As it was not the fashion, the worthy man found other means of wasting his substance, or, failing to find them, had them pointed out.

One expensive folly followed another with him so persistently, and assumed such strange shapes, that his neighbours did not know whether most to admire his perverse ingenuity, his wonderful incompetence, or his untiring benevolence. And while men blamed they pitied him, too. For all his schemes, however impracticable and ridiculous, were so evidently designed to do good to other people, and not to himself, that they could have wished him to succeed, even when they would have declared that failure served another right. The rock on which he split was universal philanthropy, and they called him the "Mad Philanthropist."

No plausible impostor who could put together a tale of distress—however incredible its incidents—failed to draw a five-pound note from him if he had one; and if he were a moderately clever impostor, he had only to effect a slight change in his dress, come again next day with a new story, and draw another note.

His last folly was the erecting in his grounds of what he called a "World's Workshop." It was a vast structure, fitted with expensive machinery suited to fifty different trades, from watch-making to gun-making—suited to the needs of the shoemaker, the tailor, the smith, the carpenter—furnished, in short, with all manner of labour-saving apparatus, driven by the best steam engines that could be built. Rows of elegant cottages, opening into his own grounds, were built near it. And the object of all this outlay was to provide a place where the artisans of Birmingham and Coventry might carry on their respective trades, and have the benefit of pure country air, living at a nominal rent in his cottages, and having the free run of his gardens, shrubberies, and park.

The happy artisans were to be allowed three months' residence each, with their wives and families, and then make room for new tenants.

Well, of course, the scheme did not answer. Poor Sir Thomas was his own director of the works, and understood neither the use nor the value of any of the expensive things he had brought together. He was plundered before his eyes and behind his back. His new machinery and his new tools were carried away, old worn out substitutes being left sometimes in their places, or, oftener, nothing being left at all. Then, too, his tenants, being admitted without written agreements, often would refuse to quit at the end of their quarter, and would insist on six months' notice, terminable at date of entry. Not one in a score of his protegés turned out well. They were a drunken, shiftless, idle set, admitted to their privileges mostly by reason of their clamorousness, and for whose characters Sir Thomas had seldom sought any certificate beyond their own protestations.

Then Sir Thomas, being at last utterly disgusted, tried, as was his wont, to obliterate his folly from off the face of the earth. Down came the "World's Workshop." Down came the cottages. The wreck of the machinery and the building materials were sold by auction for what they would fetch. The whole ridiculous project is long since forgotten, save by the family to whose ruin it gave the final stroke.

Farm after farm of the Southwell estates had been mortgaged already. The small remainder now followed. The Home Park and Southwell Hall itself were brought to the hammer. The old family vanished from the neighbourhood. Sir Thomas and Lady Southwell lingered on a few years in strange lodging-houses, but how they ended no one knew. Their son, Sir John by right, never assumed the title, but went out, it was said, to Australia, and took to sheep farming.

The new owner of the Home Park and of Southwell Hall was an entire stranger to the neighbourhood—Mr. William Hollings. Who he was or where he came from was not known. But it soon became abundantly clear that universal philanthropy and benevolence was not a rock on which *he* was at all likely to suffer shipwreck.

Although Mr. William Hollings was a stranger in the neighbourhood, he proved to have been for many years past no stranger to old Sir Thomas. In point of fact he had been a money-lender in London; had been the means of encouraging the foolish old baronet in all his most expensive follies; had advanced him from time to time sums of money at exorbitant interest; had gradually become mortgagee of nearly the whole Southwell property. In fact the auction sale of the Southwell estates had been merely a nominal one. The amount of his mortgages was more than any one would bid. In this way the place became his, and he at once came to occupy it.

His establishment consisted of one old housekeeper. He kept no man-servant, no horse, no carriage. He let the park for grazing land. He let the lawn, the flower gardens, and the kitchen garden, to a market gardener. He shut up the greater part of the house, and occupied some three rooms only.

The stories that are told, and can be well authenticated, of his meanness and miserly habits would read like a selection from the library of Mr. Boffin, at that period of his history when he devoted himself to the study of the lives of Messrs. Daniel Dancer, Jones (of Blewbury), and Vulture Hopkins.

This eminent landowner was more than suspected of snaring hares and rabbits surreptitiously, and of helping himself to his tenants' poultry.

His housekeeper, who had lived with him for many years, received no wages, staying only in the hope, and, indeed, under the promise, of being well remembered in his will.

That promise, indeed, of remembering people in his will, was Mr. William Hollings's most effective means of economising. It enabled him to pay long visits and live upon the fat of the land at many houses where his company was certainly not a thing to be desired.

His death, which happened not many years after he came to Withyford, and was found to have been accelerated by his denying himself the common necessaries of life in his own house, was followed by a wonderful scene.

His body was followed to the grave by many scores of people, most of them evidently poor, but many of them as evidently not so. After the funeral these all followed the deceased's relatives, who had gathered from distant parts, and demanded admission to hear the will read, presenting, in proof of their right to do so, formal permits under the hand of the deceased, which he had given as a sort of I O U in return for all kinds of services.

The big dining room at the old house proved too small to hold the assembled company, and the will was read in the open air in front. As the solicitor began to read it the church bells burst into a merry peal, but they were not near enough to drown his voice.

The wealth which had been amassed by the deceased miser proved to be enormous. He left to his old housekeeper the sum of £25, being, as he explained, payment for her services at the rate of one pound per annum for the twenty-five years she had lived with him. The residue of all he had, consisting of money in the funds and landed property, to the value of nearly a quarter of a million, he distributed in princely sums amongst three or four of the very wealthiest corporations and charities in the kingdom. Upon certain funded property he charged, however, an annual payment of two pounds to the village bell-ringers on condition that they should for ever celebrate his death by merry peals throughout the day on the anniversary of his funeral, "in order," so ran the will, "that as no one had rejoiced in his life, some might at least rejoice in his death." Also, in order that those gathered together at his funeral might be assisted to express their gladness at the benevolent disposition he had made of his wealth, it was especially provided that the bells should be ringing while his will was being read.

The crowd of disappointed, expectant, non-legatees seemed likely at first to vent their fury on the house and tear it down. But they contented themselves by giving such outlet to their feelings as was to be found in savage speeches, in cursing the dead man's memory, and in predicting that such a will would be sure to be upset.

And so indeed it was, though with one result that the Hollings relations who opposed it little dreamt. For as the deceased's last solemn act had been one of fraud and insult, it proved, in the long enquiry that ensued in Chancery, that the entire Southwell estate had been acquired by fraud upon fraud practised years ago upon Sir Thomas Southwell.

It was decreed that the whole of the legacies to charities were void; that the bell-ringers' bequest held good; that the housekeeper's legacy must be increased to such amount as would be proper remuneration for twenty-five years' service; that the whole of the Southwell estates reverted to the heir-at-law of the late Sir Thomas, and, until he was forthcoming, remained vested in the Court of Chancery; that the rest of the estate of the deceased was divisible amongst his own family.

There is no need to enter into the reasons given for these decisions of the court. They had the effect of raising to considerable wealth a great number of the poor relations of Mr. William Hollings; of bestowing a modest competence on his old housekeeper; of causing the publication year after year of fruitless advertisements for "the heir-at-law of the late Sir Thomas Southwell, of Southwell Hall, in the county of Warwick, Baronet;" and lastly, the decree of the court had the effect of establishing (subject to the assent of the rector and churchwardens) the annual celebration of "Bell-ringers' Day" at Withyford-upon-Avon.

The funeral of William Hollings happened to be on the fourth of July—a coincidence which, as it misled us, will be likely to mislead future historians of Warwickshire into supposing the village celebration to be connected with Independence Day, unless the facts as we have stated them are kept on record.

And here, so far as the history of that festival goes, our narrative might and does properly end. If any one cares, however, to learn the sequel of the fortunes of the Southwell family, as we learnt them that day, and cares to make himself better acquainted with the ringers themselves, and with the modest hostelry of the Southwell Arms, he will presently have an opportunity of doing so.

III.—THE HEIR-AT-LAW.

Southwell Hall stands pleasantly looking down upon the Avon some half mile from Withyford church. It is a good old house, though not a house that a tourist would ever think of going out of his way to see. But as it wanted two hours to supper-time, and as, after the heat of the day, the evening was deliciously cool, we strolled out to look at it.

It seemed to be in good order, and had that pleasant look of homely comfort about it which one likes to see better than grandeur. The court of Chancery, which has usually but an indifferent name as a landlord, would appear to have either done well to it or have found a tenant who did what the Court left undone.

It was more than forty years since the old Southwell family had gone away and been utterly lost, despite all advertisements for the missing heir-at-law.

For the twenty years last past the tenant of the Hall had been Colonel Wilton, a pleasant, homely old man who had fought his own battle of life, such easy fighting as it had been, in early years, and was glad to spend his later years here, when his daughters would let him stay away from London and Brighton, cultivating his flowers in peace, and making the place look more beautiful than a man can ordinarily find in his heart to do who is only tenant from year to year. Although however he had no lease he had no fear of being disturbed, or that any heir-at-law would ever turn up again.

Still, as he had but the house and grounds and a portion of the park, he kept up much less state than the Southwells had done in old times. Moreover, being only a tenant, living in a house which still bore the name of another family, and being often absent six months at a time, he was, though well liked and respected, hardly considered by some as a permanent settler, and there were not wanting many in the village and neighbourhood who yet believed in the ultimate return of the Southwells as firmly as the ancient Britons believed in the return of Arthur centuries after he was dead.

Indeed though it might have been difficult to classify the people of Withyford as Whigs and Tories, and impossible to classify them as Liberals and Conservatives (these terms not having yet reached the village), it would have been easy to classify them as believers and infidels, as faithful and faithless, to range on one side those who still adhered to the fallen house, and on the other those who had followed after new gods and worshipped at the shrines of Wilton or the Marquis, as fancy or interest prompted.

Leader of the faithful was Margery Norris. She was an old, old woman who had lived at the big house as housekeeper in the days of old Sir Thomas, fifty years ago, and was not a young woman even then. Before his fortune came to utter wreck, Sir Thomas had secured her an annuity, and, like the typical annuitant, Margery had ever since steadily refused to die. She declared that she was destined to live till the old line was restored to all its former glory, and that then, and not till then would she, like old Simeon, be willing to depart in peace.

In the meantime she lived on in her little white cottage by the church, from whose windows she could behold at a few fields distance, on the other side of Avon, her promised land, Southwell Hall. Shrill of voice, quick of eye, and nimble of foot, she could still walk as far as the Hall; and though she carried a stout cane, she made believe to have no need of it when she thought any one was looking at her. She went there still, perhaps, once a year, as if she believed herself to be on guard, and by so doing, might prevent the house from being spirited away.

But when we strolled down to look at Southwell Hall, we knew nothing of Margery. It was not Margery whom we found at that point which commanded the best view of the place. It was a young man of perhaps five and twenty.

Carelessly dressed, sun-burnt, as with a tropical sun, hairy, broad shouldered, with a large visible area of bare muscular throat, he had an un-English look; but, despite his roughness, he was a handsome, tall young fellow, and had the air of a gentleman.

He rolled lazily over as we sat down at a few yards distance, and surveyed us and our poor figure with a calm deliberation that we felt unsatisfactory.

"Could you oblige me with a light?" he asked.

We could and we did. Then he asked again, "Touring?"

"Yes;" we said, "are you?"

"In a way, yes. I've come a long way to look at this place."

"Pretty place," we said, "but not one that many people would come far to see."

"I've come all the way from Australia to see it."

"I hope you like it," we said.

"Pretty well," he laughed, "you've scores of better places I suppose in Warwickshire—hundreds such in England. Can you tell me who lives here now?"

"Colonel Wilton, we answered, "but the place does not belong to him."

"Oh, I know that," he laughed quickly. "I know whose it is."

"Indeed? That's more than the Lord Chancellor does then," we retorted. He'll be very glad, I dare say, if you'll drop him a line."

"Probably I shall do so, or let my solicitor do it for me," the young man answered coolly; "or perhaps I shall call and see him. The place is mine."

"Yours?" we said, staring at him with, no doubt, a wholly incredulous smile.

"Yes, mine. I am Sir Thomas Southwell."

"Say that again—say that again, young man, please," said a shrill, thin voice behind us; and as we both looked up, we saw the old, old woman whom we afterwards knew to be Margery Norris, leaning over us, resting on her cane, and looking intently into the face of the young stranger.

"Certainly, mother," he said good-humouredly. "I'll say it again with pleasure. I dare say I shall have to say it again, and get some one else to say it again for me, a good many times before it is generally believed; so the sooner I begin the better. I am Sir Thomas Southwell. Pray who are you my good woman?"

"You speak like a Southwell," she said, "they always did rattle away like that. Then if you are Sir Thomas, Sir John must be dead, and you are the grandson of my Sir Thomas, and I've nursed your father, Sir John, in these arms hundreds of times."

The young man's manner became tenderer. "It cannot be possible," he said, "that you are Margery? I have heard my father speak of Margery scores of times out yonder in Australia."

"I am Margery," she said, and then stood silent, as if thinking of a very distant time.

"I did not expect to find any one here to welcome me."

"Would you please to stand up, Sir Thomas—if you are Sir Thomas, and are not deceiving a poor old woman. A Southwell ought to be a big, brawny man, or he's not like the old stock."

"I am pretty well for that, Margery, thank you," said he, with a laugh on his jolly face, and leaping up, showed himself good six feet high and well built in proportion. "Will that do, do you think, Margery?"

"Yes, I think you be really a Southwell," she said tremulously.

Then, holding out his hand, and raising one finger, he asked "Do you know that, Margery? Can you see what it is like?"

She took his strong, rough hand in her own thin old one, touching it as delicately and reverentially as she might have touched the hand of a king; she raised it nearer to her eyes, looked at it closely and earnestly, and said—"Yes, thank God, my eyes are still good enough to recognise my old master's ring. It is Sir Thomas's ring—your grandfather's—as I do believe;" and before the young man knew, the old soul had fallen on her knees before him, had kissed his brawny sun-burnt hand, had dropped it, lifted up both her own hands to heaven, and while the tears fell down her withered cheeks, said—"I thank the Lord that he has spared me to this day. I always knew that I could not die till the old family had its own again."

"You must be a great age, Margery. I had not thought to find one soul here who remembered our family."

"I am over ninety," she said. "I have waited for your father and for you, for more than forty years. But I knew that you would come at last."

"And now," he said, "we will see you home again."

"But," said the old woman, shaking her cane fiercely across the river, "you will go in at once, and turn these Wilton people out?"

The young man laughed, and patted the old creature's hand soothingly. "We must have a little more patience than that, Margery. I shall get in by and by; but there will be a little waiting."

"Waiting?—but I can't wait. I could'nt die till now; but now I have nothing left to live for. Why should you let them stay another day in the house?"

"Perhaps Colonel Wilton might not be so easily satisfied as you, Margery. Perhaps he might not think it sufficient proof of me being Sir Thomas Southwell, that I happen to wear my grandfather's ring. Perhaps the Court of Chancery may want some further proof of my identity, than that I stand six feet high. Come, Margery, if you've waited forty years, you can wait a few months longer. Let us take you home, and I will tell you why I have not come sooner."

We, the writer of this history, turned to go at the beginning of this conversation, feeling that we had no right to be there; but the young man, with a quick, peremptory motion that seemed habitual to him, had bid us stay. He stepped aside to us now and said—"Will you go with us to the old woman's house? I suppose it can't be far. Then you can hear the little I have to tell her, and I will go with you to the Southwell Arms. The whole story of my appearance and my claim will be in the papers in a day or two; but I would like to go in yonder with you, as a stranger, and spend an hour or two in the place, unknown to-night. Will you keep my secret till to-morrow?"

Of course we promised to do so, and then we three went to the cottage of Margery—the way being broken by countless exclamations of surprise and happiness on her part.

She would not be prevailed upon to sit in his presence, but stood while he told her briefly the fortunes of his house.

His father had gone out to Australia, as she knew, on his grandfather's death, and had prospered there greatly. But to the end of his life he had been known only as Mr. John Southwell. His wife had kept the secret of his title as carefully as himself. It was only upon his deathbed that he had told his children of the rank which his family had borne in England, and the way in which that family had come to ruin.

"You know, Margery," the young man said, "my father did not marry till some years after my grandfather's death, and till he himself was more than forty. His wife, my mother, knew who he was from the first, but, being a brave, sensible woman, she didn't care to be called 'your ladyship,' and wear a poor gown, and mend her own children's stockings at the same time."

"But she will be called 'her ladyship' now," said Margery.

"There are no 'ladyships,' I expect, where she is," the young man said quietly. "She died a few months after my father."

"So young," said Margery; both of them to die so young."

"My father died at seventy, Margery, and my mother at sixty-seven."

"And I nursed him when he was a baby. And a bonny baby he was. See, that was like him when he was a year and a quarter old," and she took down from the wall above the fire-place a little picture in a black frame, representing a round-cheeked infant, out of whose face all the roses had long since faded.

Her visitor took the colourless relic into his hand and examined it with smiling curiosity. "We have saved a good number of our family pictures," he said, "but I have not seen one like this."

"It is yours, Sir Thomas."

"Well, Margery, this little boy died twelve months ago, at seventy years of age, and my dear mother soon followed him. No happier or more loving couple ever lived, I do believe."

"God rest their souls," said Margery.

"It was, as I said, only on his deathbed, that he told me and the rest of us. I have a younger brother and a sister, Margery, who have come to England with me. The title which he might have borne, and the title which I should have a right to bear when he was gone, he had determined—so much money having been lost—should, for one generation, not be used. He had known, all along, of the Chancery advertisements, and had satisfied himself by enquiries through a solicitor in London that he could, at any time he liked, resume the family estates. But he was determined that he would not come back to England to be a poor baronet, and leave a line of poor baronets after him. He would stay and work out yonder, and be known as plain John Southwell, until he had amassed enough for his son to come home and keep up the old place, as it ought to be kept up. That is what my brave old father resolved to do, Margery, and what he did. He died one of the richest men in West Australia."

"Ah, he was always a clever young man, he was. Then there is no Lady Southwell, Sir Thomas?"

"No, Margery. That is one thing more you have to wait for."

"And how soon, Sir Thomas—how soon will you take possession?"

"The lawyers will have to settle that, Margery. The Attorney-General has my papers, and finds everything very simple and straight-forward. The matter will not take long, and Colonel Wilton, I dare say, will be ready enough to make way. His daughters are tired of the place, you say?

Then seeing that Margery was preparing to follow us into the street he charged her, much to her chagrin, to keep secret what she had learnt till the morrow, when he intended to call at the hall and introduce himself to its occupier.

IV.—THE BELL-RINGERS' SUPPER.

Of the Bell-ringers' supper we have left ourselves but little room to speak. It is the more fortunate therefore that there is little to be said.

The dishes were on the table when we arrived, and Tim Irons, the chief bell-ringer, had just been voted into the chair which he had occupied for now nearly thirty years.

It was a good substantial supper of wholesome roast and boiled, with smoking vegetables, to be washed down with sound old ale; and Tim felt once a year that there were yet honours and dignities in the world which were worth living for. Indeed but for one thing weighing on his mind, the fact, namely, that he would have to make a speech after supper, when the pipes and the spirits came in, Tim would have been the happiest of men.

We were made very welcome and enjoyed the honest fellows' homely jokes and old-fashioned ways. Our companion who was so soon to be lord amongst these simple people seemed especially delighted at seeing a variety of English life and character which was quite new to him, as indeed all England was, and he quickly won their hearts with his genial ways.

When supper was over and Tim had got through his speech, which kept him on his legs for perhaps twenty seconds, while he proposed success to the Bell-ringers of Withyford, with a complimentary reference to the Rector and Churchwardens, and an uncomplimentary reference to the memory of the benevolent Hollings, (which latter was vehemently applauded) the company prepared to settle down to the serious business of smoking, singing, and spending the evening.

Tim had been a great singer in his day, and did not yet admit that his day was past, although he was turned sixty.

He sang a fine old song called "The Four Seasons of the Year" with a chorus of "Nature is reviving instead of decaying" in which the company joined lustily.

Then, between this song and the next, the stranger guest skilfully opened up a conversation as to the possibility of old families reviving, of even the Southwell family reviving, and found that he had started a subject of uncommon interest. Tim was stanch that the Southwells would be heard of yet. What was a little gap of one generation in a family that had been known for twenty? To which the old men said 'hear, hear,' and one of them sang the 'Fine old English Gentleman.'

Whereupon the strange guest, having first got Tim's permission, ordered in sundry bottles of wine for the company, which had the effect of drawing forth from Tim a song of how St. Paul was the physician for him, and how he, Tim, loved the prescription which he wrote for Timothy;—"A little wine for the stomach's sake."

Then he broke out into another drinking song that had come down from some old monastery—for his repertory was inexhaustible.

> "The first that planted the vineyard
>   Manet in cœli gaudio,
> His name was Noe as I am learned,
>   Genesis testimonio.
>
> "God gave unto him knowledge and wit,
>   A quo procedunt omnia,
> First, of the grape, wine for to get,
>   Propter magna mysteria.
>
> "The first miracle that Jesus did
>   Erat in vino rubeo,
> In Cana of Galilee it betid,
>   Testante Evangelio.
>
> "David the prophet saith that wine
>   Lætificat cor hominis.
> It maketh men merry if it be fine,
>   Est ergo digni nominis.
>
> "Plenty to all that love good wine,
>   Donet Deus largius,
> And bring them soon when they go hence,
>   Ubi non sitient amplius."

Tim gave the Latin lines with a good *ore rotundo*, and could have told you (with a certain liberality of translation) the meaning of them also, for this was a song which the rector himself had taught him, and on which he particularly prided himself. He had a fine rolling tune to it, too, which brought out every syllable distinctly. He never sung it except on very special occasions, and though his hearers had not the faintest notion of the meaning of the Latin lines, perhaps they enjoyed it none the less for that, like their betters in Covent Garden with the Italian Opera.

When Tim had finished, it did not strike him as at all singular that he was applauded very lustily. But it did strike him and all the rest of the company as very singular that when the plaudits had died away he should be accosted by a shrill thin voice with, "Tim Irons, I'm ashamed of you."

"Why, dame," said Tim, "what brings you here at this time of night? Come and have a drop of something, and I'll tell you th'meaning of ivry word o' th' song. There's nowt bad in it. There's nowt to be shamed on, Dame."

"Tim Irons," she said again, "I'm ashamed of you. And if your own father and mother, dead and gone, had ha' seen you sitting there they would'nt have believed you was their son. They would'nt."

Tim being introduced to himself in the new character of an orphan did'nt know himself, and said bewildered, "Why, Dame, what's the matter? What have I done?"

"A sitting there," she said vehemently, "you and all these boys, as you're old enough to set a better example to—a sitting there cheek by jowl with Sir Thomas Southwell."

"With ———? Dame, are you out of your head?"

"With Sir Thomas Southwell," she said, pointing to him, "as sits here, and as any of you might have known if you had looked at him right. He's come back to make the place itself again, as I always said would happen. And you call yourselves bell-ringers, and a sitting here in his presence!"

Tim rose, open-mouthed, and looked at his laughing young guest, but remained dumb.

The guest rose and said, "It is true, my friends, that I call myself Sir Thomas Southwell, that I have come here from the distant land where I was born, and have looked to-day for the first time on the home of my fathers, which I claim for myself, and in which I hope to live, and be a not unwelcome neighbour to you all. But there is no divinity doth hedge a baronet and make him recognisable at a glance. I have my claim to prove before harder judges than Margery, and until I had done that I did not mean to make myself known to you."

The ringers did not appear to stand much on proof. That Margery had accepted him was enough for them. Almost before he had ceased speaking, they had all rushed out of the room, and the bells once more were ringing, more lustily than they had rung that day or for many a day.

* * * * * * * *

Sir Thomas, as all Warwickshire knows, established his claim easily. And Margery, as all Warwickshire does not know, lived not only to see him living in the hall, but to see him bring home "her ladyship," then die in peace.

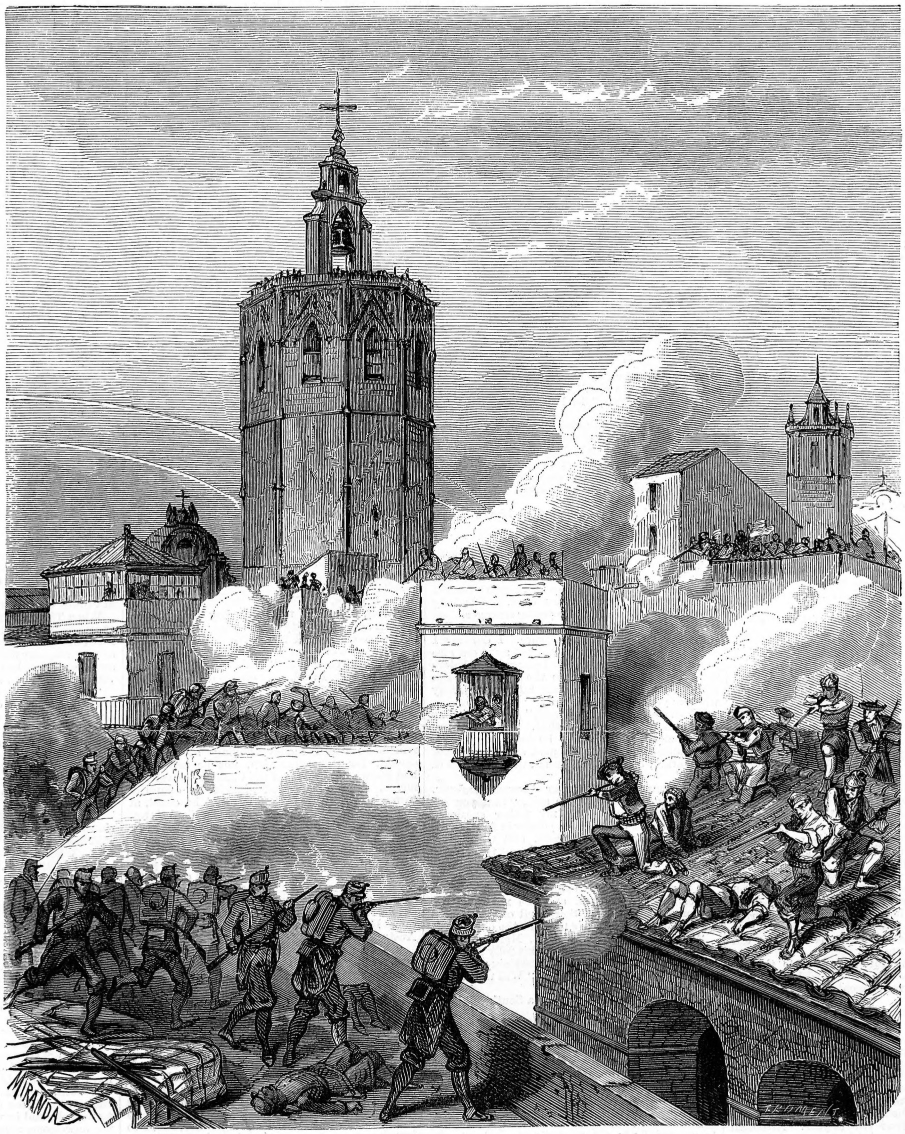
The reader also understands now how it is that "Bell-ringers' day," which as we have shown was originally designed to commemorate the funeral of William Hollings, is usually said to commemorate the return of the Southwells to their old home.

In point of fact it commemorates what sporting men would call "the double event."

Robert Hudson.

THE TAKING OF VALENCIA.

Our engraving is a spirited representation of the scene before Valencia on the 16th ult., the day on which the Spanish troops, after more than eight days' fighting, retook the town from the insurgents, whose resistance was of the most desperate character, even up to the last moment. The insurgents had entrenched themselves in a circuit of many streets, having the Mercado in its centre. They had no fewer than nine hundred and forty barricades. The Valencians are "dead shots," and hence the great mortality amongst the troops, especially the officers, whom they singled out with perfection. From these barricades, from every window and balcony, and from the house-tops, a destructive fire was kept up on the troops. Some of the insurgents mounted to the towers of five or six of the churches, and did fearful execution from them. Inch by inch the ground was disputed. The killed and wounded during the eight days of the struggle could not have been less than 1,500 on both sides—the troops having the largest proportion of the losses. The insurgents had the greatest confidence in their success, even up to the last. They took two pieces of artillery from the troops the first day, and they cast four others themselves. They had little or no knowledge of the ill-success experienced by their fellow Republicans in the other provinces, they had not been able to hold communication with them, and not crediting any of the reports they heard from the Government side. Day by day the "Directory," as the six or seven leaders styled themselves, issued flaming bulletins or proclamations, with a view to keep up the spirits of the people. "One effort more and our cause is saved;" "all Spain responds to the movement;" and similar assuring remarks abounded in these documents which were issued up to the evening of October 15, the night before the "grand attack." Some clue to the necessity for the formidable preparations made for the final attack is afforded in the knowledge General Alaminos had of the determined nature of the insurgents, and the fact that the troops had got the worst of it on the first day of the rising. On that occasion the Captain-General treated the affair as trifling. He contented himself with ordering his soldiers to "dislodge" the rebel Volunteers from the Mercado; but he soon found it an impossible task The first fire from the troops was answered by the rebels with such precision that four officers fell dead on the instant, together with some soldiers, and there were many wounded. Instead of "dislodging" the rebels the troops had to retire, and concentrate themselves in a strong line of defence, from which they only emerged on the arrival of the immense reinforcements Prim sent to their aid, and whose attack was successful.



THE TAKING OF VALENCIA.

FEARFUL FIRE AT WOLVERHAMPTON.

A shocking calamity (which we Illustrate in another part of our Paper) occurred at Wolverhampton on Monday week, when the stoving shops of Messrs. W. Evans and Son, braziers, Melbourne-street, took fire. On that evening, at seven o'clock, the people were preparing to leave off work, and those who do the blacking had gone into one of the stove rooms, upon the basement floor, to rinse their hands with spirits of tar, to free them from the japan with which they become soiled. This spirit is used largely in the process of blacking, to thin the thicker ingredients, and a barrel of it stood outside the open door of this lower stove room. In drawing off some of the spirit, a woman, by an accident, permitted the tap in this barrel to fall out. Whilst four or five women and a boy were inside, the woman at the barrel was being assisted to stop the flowing spirits of tar by a workman named Edward Craddock. To aid with artificial light in the search for the tap, one young woman said she would go inside for a piece of lighted paper. She went into the stove room for that purpose, and had hardly left Craddock's side before she saw a flame darting round the door-post, and instantly setting the flowing spirit ablaze. Craddock's safety was secured by leaping out of the way of the liquid fire, which now flowed around him, hissed in huge flames of fierce heat within the lower room, and darted above, gathering fuel on its way from the conflagration which it created when it passed over the woodwork of the doors of these rooms and the timber steps which led from one to the other outside. The whole place was quickly aroused, and abundance of help was at hand to endeavour to rescue the imprisoned women, of whom, in addition to those in the lower room, there were three in the upper apartment. But it was impossible to reach them. The painful terror which seized the on-lookers was intensified when one poor girl (Eliza Harrington), not nineteen years old, ran, with her clothes on fire, out of the lower room to meet, under the eyes of the men, the death from which she was attempting to escape. The poor creature's feet became entangled in her burning garments, and she fell prostrate into the flood of fire that floated in the yard, and imprisoned her and her companions. Here she lay and soon died. More fortunate than Harrington was Martha Williams. When she ran out on fire, Craddock followed her to the front door, and with his arms and coat crushed her apparel together, and saved her from further injury than burns a little above the feet. Hastening back, Craddock was next of service in saving from immediate death Sarah Ann Harris, fourteen years old. The sufferer had just got through the floating fire in the yard, and had fallen down upon its very brink, tortured by her burning clothes. Craddock threw a tarpaulin sheet around her, and, lifting her in his arms, carried her into the street, and thence took her in a vehicle to the hospital, where she died on the following day. Scarcely less burnt was Martha Farren, twenty years old; she, too, ran out of the lower stove room, and Benjamin Shaw enveloped her in his coat, as she threw herself down in the middle of the yard, whence she, likewise, was carried to the hospital. A Mrs. Westwood, more affrighted than her younger shopmates, ran terrified from point to point, suffering intensely from her ignited garments, till at length she fell down close at the wide gates which open into the public thoroughfare. There a workman, assisted by Mr. Brian, the manager of the establishment, tore off some of her burning apparel, and then sent her to the hospital. When the last of the females had left the lower room the attention of the workmen was exclusively confined to those in the upper storey, the men being ignorant of the fact that a boy remained there. The lad's name was Harry Harding, sixteen years old, the son of a clerk at the establishment of Messrs. Pinson and Evans, Church-street. He was engaged in another shop, but had gone into the lower stove room to cleanse his hands with the spirits of tar. Whilst the women who were there shrieked in dismay, he ran, terrified, inside the store itself, and tried there, as he slammed the door, to escape burning. His place of fancied refuge became a sure place of death, for he must have been very quickly suffocated by the heat and the flames. Had it been known that he was confined there before, it is quite possible that he might have been saved. A member of the Fire Brigade found the dead body in the stove room, at a period which was quite a quarter of an hour after the time at which it would have been possible for him to be got out, if only his whereabouts had been known. From the upper room piteous cries were raised for assistance, and Emma Blakemore rushed from it. Not staying to turn to the left and descend the burning stairs, she stooped, and leaping through the protecting rail opposite the door, fell into the yard beneath, but, happily, beyond the pool of fire. In her fall, however, she unfortunately fractured her thigh. The pool before the lower room door was now nearly burnt out, but the outer stairs were all alight. Cornelius Melkin, a workman, however, bravely ascended them, and brought down Emma Elgar, but slightly hurt, necessarily leaving Mary Jeffery shrieking, surrounded with flame. Obedient to the cries of those beneath, she jumped down, and was immediately surrounded by men who extinguished the flames about her. The upper storey was only about nine or ten feet above the lower one. Mr. Turton and Mr. Bunch, surgeons, were soon upon the spot, and sent all the injured to the Hospital, except Martha Williams (whom Craddock had taken home) and the girl Elgar, who was but slightly burnt, and was also taken home. All the members of the fire brigade, under Captain Segrave and several inspectors, as well as a large body of police, were soon upon the spot, and assisted in throwing ashes, sand, and dirt upon the flaming liquid. Painful as was the spectacle, however, and terrible the consequences, the whole scene was but of few minutes' duration, In fact, so quickly yet so fiercely did the spirits burn (most of the heat darting upwards), that though the yard is but a narrow one, the woodwork on the other side was not even charred. The store rooms were fire-proof, and as soon as the tar coating on the vessels they contained was consumed a ready entrance was afforded. The damage done to property is very small, it being estimated that £100 will more than cover the loss in that respect. The property is insured in the Scottish Union and Norwich Fire Offices. An inquest was opened on Wednesday week on the bodies of the three persons who died from the injuries they received at the fire at Messrs. Evans's on Monday evening. After some evidence had been taken as to the facts of the accident, the inquiry was adjourned for three weeks, in the hope that by that time some of the injured people will have so far recovered as to be able to give evidence. Two of the sufferers who are still patients in the South Staffordshire Hospital are not likely to recover.

It is reported that the directors of the Midland Railway, anxious to render more complete their communications with the iron and coal districts of South Wales, are now negociating with the view of effecting working arrangements with the Brecon and Merthyr, or the absolute purchase of that undertaking.

After being beautifully restored, the chancel of All Saints' Church, Seckington, Tamworth, has been re-opened. Three services were held, one at 8.30 a.m., when the Holy Communion was celebrated; another at 11.30, when prayers were read, and a sermon preached by the Lord Bishop of Worcester; and a third at 7 p.m., when prayers were again read, and a sermon preached by the Rev. W. Arden, M.A., vicar of St. George's, Shropshire. At the conclusion of the mid-day service, the clergy and many of the visitors were entertained at the rectory. At four o'clock, tea and cake were provided in the schoolroom for all the women and children of the parish. In the evening, the church, as at the mid-day service, was quite full, the collection amounting to £16 4s. 10d. The Rector (the Rev. W. H. Freer) could not have shown a greater proof of his desire for the welfare of those under his charge than by restoring this part of the church to its ancient beauty.